

INFORMATION

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICAN LIFE

JUNE
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▼ TOM DOOLEY: THE DAY THEY SAID I HAD CANCER

- DRINKING
WAS HER DISEASE
- YOUNG CATHOLICS
AND THE TRADE UNIONS

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THE DAY THEY SAID I HAD CANCER

by THOMAS A. DOOLEY, M.D.

IT WAS A SATURDAY, at high noon, when the tired-looking Lao soldier came into my clinic in the little village of Muong Sing in northern Laos. He snapped to a slightly languid salute and said, "*Thanh Mo America, mi tayah.* Doctor America, you have a telegram."

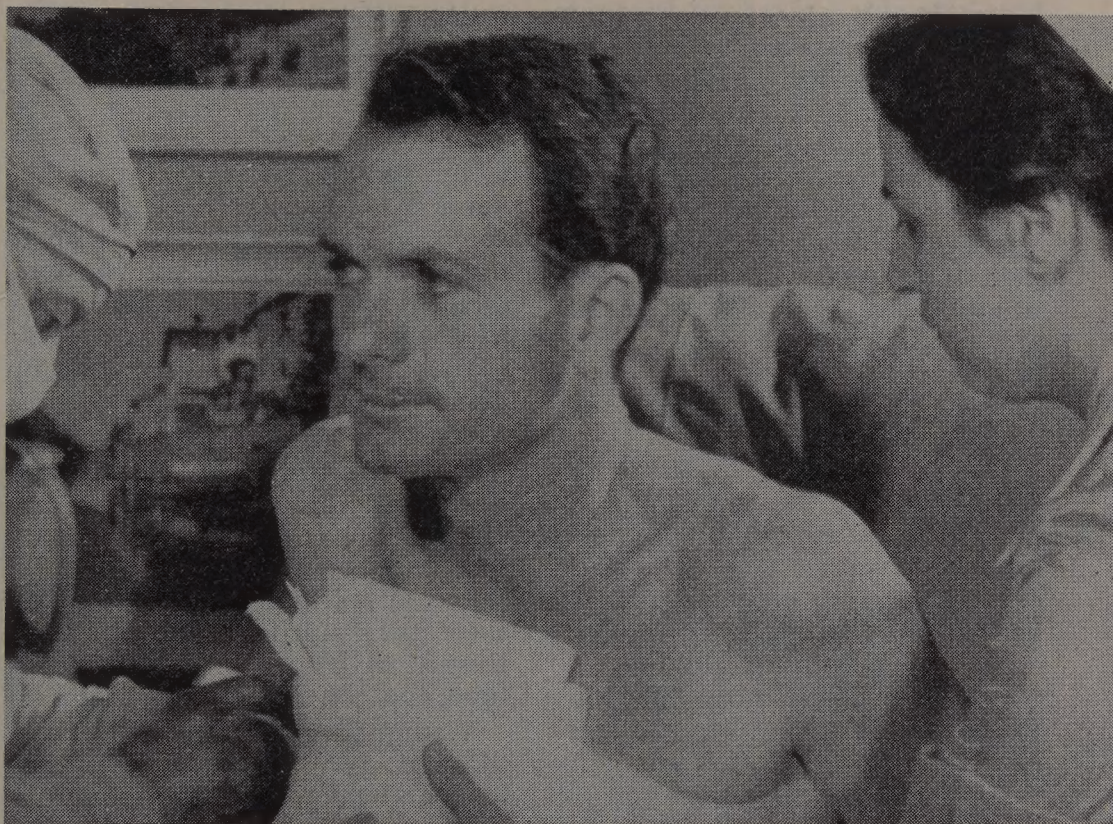
He said it was being held at the radio-shack in the fortress, and I should accompany him there. I

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turned the line of patients over to one of my assistants and walked out into the rain, across the road to the fortress.

In the mud radio-shack another Lao soldier thrust a flimsy, crumpled sheet of blue paper into my hand. He said it had been forwarded from the Lao Army headquarters in the capital. He was sorry he was so many hours late in getting it to me but "*het punh*, the war, you know." This limp piece of paper was to become a turning point in my life. Noon, Saturday, August 15, in the year 1959.

The message . . . read in English as follows:



DR. DOOLEY UNDERWENT SURGERY FOR CANCER IN LATE SUMMER OF 1959. FILMED BY CBS-TV, THE OPERATION WAS SHOWN ON "CBS REPORTS" THIS PAST APRIL.

FROM PETER COMANDURAS: DOCTOR DOOLEY, URGENT, RETURN TO U. S. IMMEDIATELY.

Suddenly the earth seemed to open up underneath me. Return to the U. S. now? I was intending to go in three months anyway. Why *now*? Had something happened to my mother? Had something bad happened to MEDICO? Had the Ambassador to Laos notified the State Department of my refusal to leave and had they in turn requested Dr. Peter Comanduras, as chief of MEDICO, to order me out?

Why didn't Peter explain him-

self? Why did he just say "Urgent, return to U. S."? Didn't he know that we were involved in a war? Didn't he know that the wounded might start flowing into this hospital tomorrow? Didn't he know that the mountains of Laos were on fire?

What could be so urgent that I must come home *now*, instead of when I was due to go home in a few months? Didn't Peter know that Laos was moving deeper and deeper into the shadows? This was not the time to abandon my work. Didn't he know what the Communists would say if I deserted my

hospital? "A typical American reactionary imperialistic coward."

Could it possibly have anything to do with the small tumor that Dr. Van Valin had cut off my chest? At once I banished that thought as sheer impossibility.

I decided that the wire must have something to do with the economic situation of MEDICO. It seemed to me that we were always on the brink of broke. I was going to have to go home and raise money. This infuriated me.

I DID NOT sleep that night, nor the next night, nor for many nights to follow. Several times during the night I woke up suddenly, startled. I sat up in my bunk when thoughts came crowding to my mind.

By midweek I had convinced myself that Dr. Comanduras had had a heart attack and that I was going to have to go and work at our MEDICO office. I, jungle physician, would have to sit at a desk in a New York office.

I sent a telegram down to Vientiane to Horace Smith, the American Ambassador, on Sunday. I asked him if he would please send up a plane to take me out.

ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON the Ambassador's small Beechcraft landed on our airstrip and out climbed my friend Bob Burns. There were no other passengers.

I asked Bob immediately if he knew what had happened, or why. He said, "All I know is that the Ambassador received a telegram from you saying you must leave immediately. He wishes to help and so he sent his plane. He told me

A MAO TRIBESMAN WASTING AWAY. HE WAS FLOATED DOWN THE RIVER FROM RED CHINA.

to tell you that if you want to take your crew out, there is plenty of room on the plane. If you wish to leave your crew here, you must remember the immense responsibility that you place on them."

I was faced with another decision which I could not make alone. More fear.

I turned to Dwight Davis and Earl Rhine, my two assistants, and said, "Then this is your decision too, boys. You can get on this plane and leave with me, stay in the capital until we find out what this is all about, or you can stay here and continue to work alone."

Without any hesitation they said, "Doctor, you go on, we will stay here and take care of things until you come back." I thanked God for men like mine. Yet involuntarily a hideous picture flashed in my mind—the impaled heads along the village airstrip which a French pilot had told me about. What if Earl and Dwight were captured by the Communists and beheaded as imperialistic Americans?

Dwight interrupted this ghastly thought by saying, "Do you want to take this, sir?" He held out a large crucifix given to me when I was made an honorary Oblate of Mary Immaculate. The Pope himself had blessed it and handed it to me.

I said, "Why should I take it with me now? You keep it here in my house where it belongs. I will be back real soon."



IN VIENTIANE the next plane to Bangkok was at five the following evening and the Ambassador said, "My plane can take you down in the morning; it is going to be going down early, and we will be glad to make room for you."

I did not sleep at all. At dawn I got up and walked along the edge of the river. In the mist of early morning I went to Mass in the Catholic church of Vientiane. Once again I heard the same familiar words in Latin, "*Introibo ad altare Dei. Ad Deum qui laetificat.*" To the altar of God I will go, to God who is the joy of my youth."

These are the same words I have heard in the cathedrals of Paris, of St. Louis, of Rome, and in the village chapels of Laos and Viet Nam. These same words in Latin had given me peace and solace when I was plunged into the hideousness and atrocity of Northern Viet Nam in 1954. These words had given me comfort in the strain and stress of medical school. These words had given me faith as a young man. Why did they seem to give me little solace now?

At eight o'clock the next morning I was at the airport once again, good Bob Burns acting as driver and friend. He put me on the Ambassador's plane and by ninety-three we were winging our way across the emerald-green paddies of the Korat plains of Thailand. Two hours later we landed at the sleek international airport at Bangkok.

In town I went immediately to the post-office building to place a phone call to America. I spent most of the afternoon trying to get a call through. I had to get through,

I had to find out—four days of not knowing was already taking its toll. I had neither eaten a square meal nor held down much liquid; the agony of not knowing was the most terrible thing I had ever undergone.

My chest was sore from Dr. Van Valin's surgery. The fact that my whole shoulder ached must, I thought, have been due to long flights.

By seven that evening it was obvious that I would not be able to get my phone call through, so I telephoned the airport and told them that it was urgent that I get to Hong Kong immediately. Although Hong Kong was not in the direct route to New York, it was only a six-hour flight and telephone connections out of Hong Kong are always good.

They said they could put me up on the midnight plane. I took a taxi to the hotel where I put on the only white shirt I had brought with me, and then I went to a small restaurant that I liked in Bangkok.

AFTER A miserable dinner there (it kept bouncing in my stomach) I asked the owner if I could play the piano. I frequently spent time there whenever I was in Bangkok and always played their piano. I tried to dissipate the tensions that were in me through the dexterity of my fingers and through the warmth of Chopin. However, Chopin did not seem to help, nor did Schumann, nor did anything which was soft and light and airy.

I soon found myself playing the crashing chords of Rachmaninoff and the thundering opening of Tchaikovsky's concerto. After two



IN HIS HUT IN MUONG SING, DR. DOOLEY PLAYS HIS ZINC-LINED PIANO PURCHASED IN HONG KONG.

hours of playing, some people who were sitting at a shadowy table in the corner came over within the circle of the light and said: "Hi, Tom, how are you?"

I looked up and saw the faces of my close friends, Hank Miller and his wonderful wife, Annie. Never was I so glad to see friends as at

that moment. I said I wanted to talk to them right away, I was so worried, so concerned.

They said, "Don't worry, Tom; play something soft and light and lilting."

I tried, but I could not make my fingers play like that. I hurt in my heart, in my shoulder, in my side.

**TAO KOO, A LAO YOUNGSTER,
AND HIS AMERICAN FRIEND.**



I was tired, I was sick, I was worried.

We went back to Hank's table and Hank looked at me and said, "Tom, I have never seen you in this state, even during wars, even during crisis. What's wrong?"

I let flood out of my head and heart the things that had come to pass, the fear which existed because I did not know.

Hank looked at me and coolly said, "I know why you are going home. I will tell you, Tom."

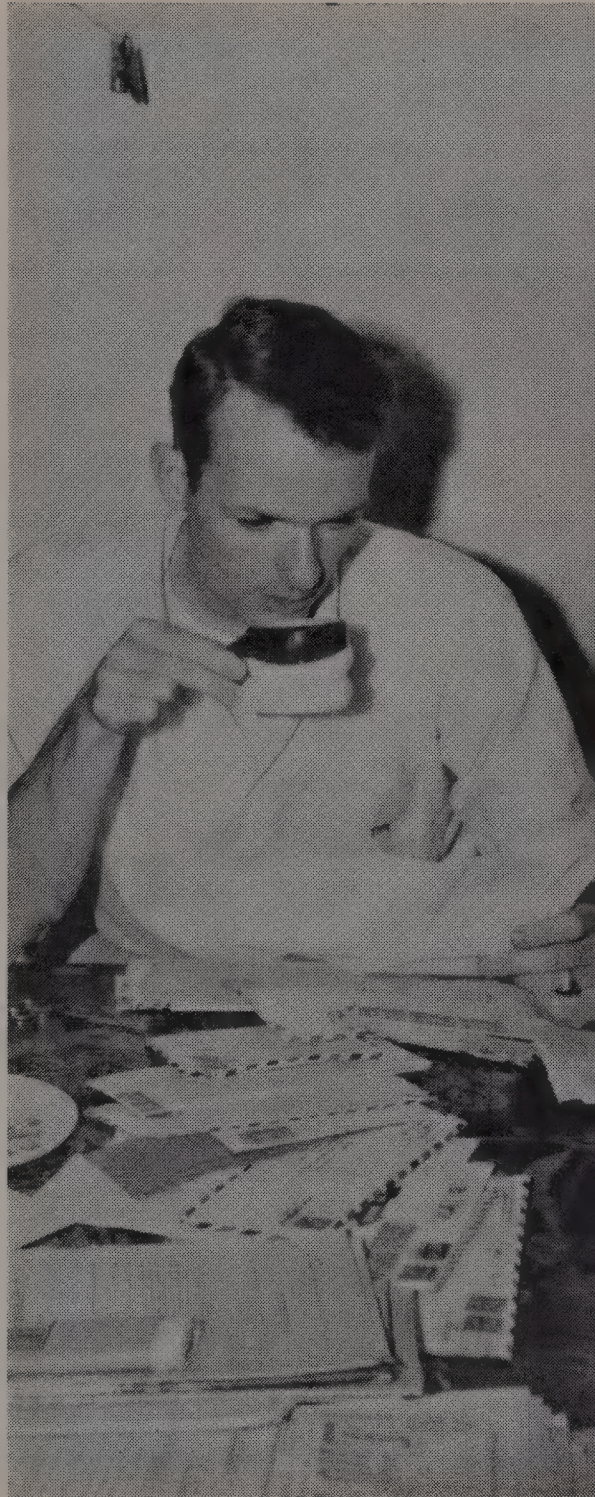
I leaned forward, took a deep breath and pleaded, "What's wrong, Hank?" My tension was at its peak. I thought I would burst.

Slowly, deliberately, he said, "The tumor that Dr. Van Valin removed has been diagnosed as a secondary stage of malignant melanoma."

I had no reaction. The words entered my head like a fist jammed into a pillow. I felt nothing. I neither felt elation at finding that MEDICO was not in a state of chaos, nor did I feel great dejection at finding out that I had a hideously malignant growth of cancer. It just seemed for a moment that all was quiet. All was tranquil for now. At last, I knew.

I knew? Yes, I knew, as a doctor, that malignant melanoma is one of the quickest killers of flesh and blood that is known in the history of cancer.

Looking back on that night, I do not remember much more. They drove me to the airport but I do



not remember what we talked about. I only remember the warmth of Annie's good-by embrace. I only remember the strength and warmth of Hank's handclasp and his words as I climbed the plane ramp, "We'll see you soon, Tom."

ON THE PLANE the reading lights blinked out and once again I was the sleepless traveler. By dawn the

plane was in Hong Kong. Listlessly, I went through Customs, took a cab and checked into a hotel. I did not want to see anybody. There was nothing that I wanted to do. No need to telephone now. I might as well get the fastest plane home.

At 3 P. M. on Wednesday I took a jet plane headed for London. On the plane I did a great deal of thinking. Somewhere the thought came, "Blessed are they

DR. DOOLEY RECUPERATES IN NEW YORK AFTER HIS OPERATION.



that mourn." But there must be no black pit of melancholy, no inertness, no fog, no void. I had much to do. Now there was a new urgency.

How did this cancer come about? I had always thought the months of aching and pain in my right shoulder and chest wall were due to my fall down an embankment on my last river trip. A few weeks after the fall a small lump had grown on the side of my chest wall, but I thought it was just a cyst.

When I weighed myself on the scales at the Hong Kong airport, I found that I had lost over 30 pounds. I thought, "Is my life gutted?"

I TRIED to think with detachment; I tried to think objectively about illness and cancer, but I am a miser of life. All I could think about was the statistic I had studied in med school, "Only about 50 per cent of the people who have a malignant melanoma in the metastatic (second stage) survive a year. Less than 30 per cent live two years."

Yet I knew I was not going to abandon what I think is the correct thing to do in life because of shadows on a page. Nor was I going to quit this living, loving passion for life that I possess simply because of a statistic. I was not abandoning the beauty and tenderness that man can give to man, just for a statistic.

Memories surged into my mind and blocked out words, memories of my villagers and their needs. Memories of the fetid pestilence and decay of the refugee camps of Haiphong. Memories of the red

humid heat of Vang Vieng. Memories of the oppressive sick call at the Nam Tha hospital.

I realized that I had become more aware of myself and my soul's adventure in the raw material of Asian life. There was still much to do. I must continue to do this work as long as God allows me time on this earth to do it.

I must continue to be tender, for to be tender one must be courageous. Now, before my own highest mountain, I must be braver than ever, even though bravery is sometimes a sad song. No, my candle was not gutted.

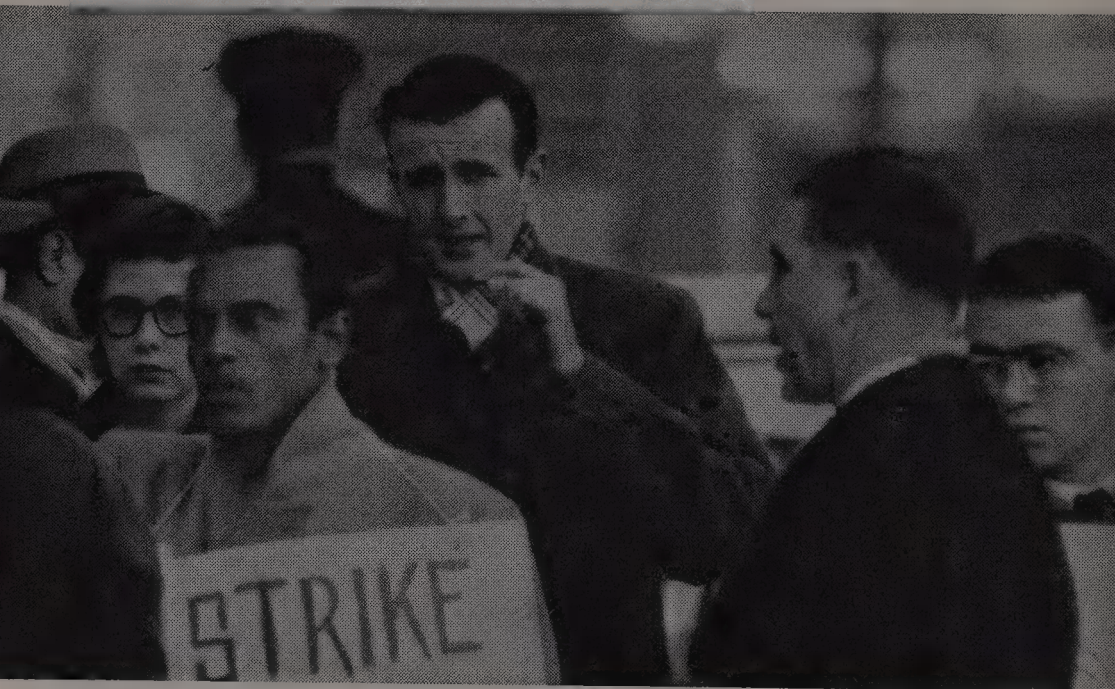
LOOKING OUT of the window in the moon-shimmering night I felt a cloudy out-of-touchness with everything. I had a pleasant disembodiment from my own self. The physical tiredness of the trip from Muong Sing to Hong Kong had drained me. My mind put me somewhere else where I could look back at the body of Tom Dooley.

Once many years ago, as I sat on a small stool in the candlelit room of Dr. Albert Schweitzer on the banks of the Ogowe, in French Equatorial Africa, the great old gentleman said to me, "The significance of a man, Tom, is not in what he attains, but rather in what he longs to attain." I thought to myself, I must continue to long to attain.

The value of love is stronger than that of hate, and I was confident that many people loved me and the work I was doing. I must now draw new strength from the knowledge of their love, strength because I needed it.

■ ■

YOUNG CATHOLICS AND THE LABOR UNIONS



■ A STRIKE OF PUERTO RICAN WORKERS AGAINST A RACKET TEAMSTER LOCAL, YOUNG MEMBERS OF ACTU LENT ACTIVE SUPPORT. ACTU SECRETARY-TREASURER DANIEL SCHULDER ■ AT EXTREME RIGHT. HIS WIFE PATRICIA AND ACTU MEMBER EDMUND DELEHANTY STAND BEHIND THE WORKER WEARING A PICKET SIGN.

For almost 25 years, the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists has fought to bring Catholic social principles to the labor movement.

by ROBERT STERN

ON ITS SHIP news page last March 25, *The New York Times* printed a story headlined:

INSURGENTS WIN

LOCAL 88 BATTLE

Presidency of Biggest Unit of
the Masters, Mates and
Pilots Won by 18 Votes

The victory was the culmination of a seven-year struggle for a Catholic group called ACTU—the pronounceable abbreviation for the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. The “U” in ACTU, as we will see, could also stand for Youth.

ACTU has been around since 1937, when eleven men organized in New York City “to foster and spread in the American labor movement sound principles of trade unionism and to make Catholic social principles an effective force for sound unionism and industrial relations.”

ACTU chapters and analogous Catholic labor associations have since been formed in Chicago, Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Camden, N. J., and Gary, Indiana.

As for Local 88 of the Masters, Mates and Pilots—a ship officers’ union—the New York ACTU chapter in 1953 believed that “sound principles of trade unionism” were not being adhered to.

That year, five men—and if there were any Catholics among them, it was purely coincidental—were expelled from the union for publishing a little paper demanding a change.

They said the local’s officials through control of the hiring hall, sold jobs for cash. This, the rebels contended, not only made money for the officials but denied some of the rank and file an opportunity to work, thereby placing opponents in an economic squeeze.

The expulsion would have been the end for them, and maybe for the whole insurgent movement, except that ACTU got wind of it and stepped in. If the insurgents’ charges were true—and ACTU believed they were—here was a typical case of union racketeering and denial of union democracy, certainly a violence of the principle of justice.

John Harold, of the Catholic Labor Defense, ACTU’s unofficial legal voice, gave his services free for a court battle to reinstate these men. In 1956, 21-year-old John McNiff, an ACTU leader since 19, joined the campaign by editing a paper for the insurgents and producing leaflets and other literature. *The Labor Leader*, ACTU’s own publication, gave publicity and support, and many ACTU members provided advice, guidance and participation in the reform movement.

The climax came in an election of officers supervised by a court-appointed arbitrator, J. Robert Feinberg, in which the ACTU-backed insurgents won the presidency of Local 88 and enough of the other offices to reform the union completely, which they have proceeded to do.

SOMETIMES ACTU steps in to solve more simple cases of injustice. Last year a Puerto Rican woman of forty-odd years found 21-year-old Dan Schulder, secretary-treasurer of ACTU, in the Association's shabby, littered office at 327 Lexington Avenue, New York. She sought help to remedy a condition in the toy factory where she worked.

"For me it makes no difference if my complexion is bad," she said. "I got a husband, I got a family, I got kids. But the young girls who paint the dolls—their faces break out and they'll never get married. No babies, nothing."

The girls' job was to paint faces on dolls, using stencils. To clean up their work they used a solvent. No problem. But one day the solvent was changed and the new chemical caused their skin to break out.

They tried to get the union to do something about it. Nothing doing.

The factory, like many such places in New York employing Puerto Ricans and Negroes, had been "organized" by a union whose chief interest was the collection of dues, deducted from the workers' pay by the employer. The union members rarely saw a union official and never saw the contract under which they were working. As for the pressing of grievances or the improvement of pay and working conditions—who cared?

Low pay, yes. Long hours, yes. But a skin rash?

The girls elected a chairlady and walked out for a brief wildcat strike. No good. So somebody thought of ACTU, which had won

a reputation as a kind of "public defender" for laborers too small or disorganized to fight management and an uninterested or corrupt union.

ACTU had learned that in some instances all it needed to do was issue a formal notice to the union, which might have been unaware of an unjust situation. At other times, ACTU would assist the workers in a strike against a do-nothing union, distribute literature to the public, exposing the unjust conditions and co-operate with the AFL-CIO in replacing the bad union with a good one.

In the toy factory complaint, ACTU got to the union, had the grievance pressed, got the solvent changed and made the girls happy. Moreover, the union does something for them now and, wonder of wonders, they know what's in their contract.

NOT ALL CASES of injustice among Puerto Ricans and Negroes are so easily solved, and the zealous young men and women of ACTU often get themselves into messes as they try to serve the Lord's poor.

Last year, during a class in communications I was teaching at Manhattan College, one of my students explained to me why he and another student—both members of ACTU—had cut the previous session. They had been arrested.

They had gone, with four other ACTU members, to the aid of the Negro and Puerto Rican workers at a car-wash plant in Queens. These workers were "organized" by an "independent" local union which once had been exploited by

Johnny Dio, convicted extortioner. The union and management had a "sweetheart" contract: the union leaders were "taken care of" and the management had no trouble.

The car-washers, many of whom spoke only Spanish, told ACTU they worked a 59-hour week over seven days for \$60. When it rained, they said, they stayed on the job but were not paid. They had no sick leave or paid holidays or any other fringe benefits.

There was a "kitty"—a box for tips—to which car owners almost always contributed generously but when the management turned the tips over to the workers the amount in the box never seemed to correspond to the number of cars serviced. None of the workers had ever seen their union's contract, or met a union representative.

ACTU is not a labor union and cannot represent workers face to face with their employers. In the case of the car-washers, what to do?

These six very young and enthusiastic people decided that the car-wash should be boycotted. They printed up some handbills, and at nine o'clock on a Saturday morning—Saturday is the biggest day in these places; normally a car goes through every minute, all day long—the ACTU members, Dan Schuller, Maurice R. Berube, 26, Eugene Fitzpatrick, 21, Edward Delehanty, 24, Thomas Martin, 22, and Patricia O'Driscoll, 22, passed out handbills in front of the car-wash, suggesting that maybe motorists wouldn't want to patronize such a place.

And just in case he was needed, Robert Mozer, a 28-year-old ACTU

lawyer, lurked in the background.

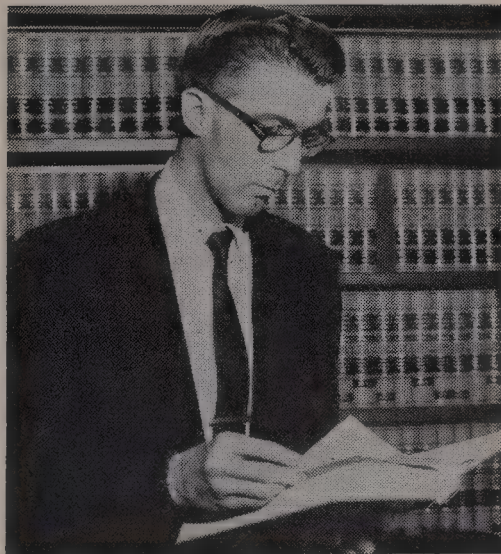
The handbills worked. Would-be customers drove away.

And the lawyer *was* needed. The owner called the police, and at the same time sent somebody out to "reason" with the ACTU people.

A squad car arrived. The police told the ACTU youths that anybody handing out leaflets would receive a summons, under a provision of the administrative code about the distribution of commercial handbills. Consulted, Bob Mozer told the ACTU people that since they weren't selling anything the code provision did not apply, so they went right on distributing.

Eventually, the six were bundled into a patrol wagon and taken off to the police station where they were held nine hours before being taken to Night Court in Manhattan.

There the young ACTU people were released in the custody of



ACTU ATTORNEY ROBERT MOZER ESTABLISHED THE FIRST SPANISH LANGUAGE LABOR SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK CITY.

Mozer. There was a legal battle that lasted some weeks, and finally they were acquitted. The police, better informed about the law and ACTU, became very co-operative, the boycott worked, the workers got better conditions and the union even began to recognize their existence.

IN THE EARLY days, ACTU found an obvious and immediate object for its activity. Many unions were either dominated by a few Communists or were in danger of falling under their sway.

Such was the case of the New York Newspaper Guild, of which I was and still am a member.

Back in the forties a few of us—many religious and philosophical backgrounds: Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Social Democrats, liberals, plain ordinary democrats (with a small “d”) and even Trotskyites—became aware that our Guild was dominated by some excellent union organizers. We also became aware that they were Stalinist Communists and were using the Guild for the purposes of the Russian Bolshevik Party.

We tried to organize an effective opposition, but we didn't get very far because the Communists really got benefits for our members and made the union grow. If their genuine aim as union leaders was something other than benefits for the members, the members didn't believe it; or if they did believe it they thought it didn't matter.

Eventually, I read a report of a talk by a Father John P. Monaghan, now a Monsignor and pastor of St. Michael's Church on

West 34th Street. He spoke of a Catholic labor group which took its inspiration from the Papal encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*. Pope Pius XI had said that in nations where labor unions are neutral in religion, there should exist, beside the unions, organizations of Catholics which could guide the unions in sound principles and practices.

This talk by Father Monaghan—I later learned he was chaplain of ACTU's New York chapter, and has since become national ACTU chaplain—revealed that other persons were thinking as I was. So, early in 1945, I dropped him a note and he replied, suggesting that I get in touch with ACTU.

A little ACTU circle was then formed by some Guild members. It was *very* little—I don't think it totaled more than a dozen members at any time. It received instruction in Catholic social principles from two assistant ACTU chaplains, Father Thomas Darby and Father John Byrne. It planned a program to provide the Guild with a set of officials who would not lead it down the Communist path but would still get the strong contracts sorely needed.

THIS LITTLE GROUP made a tremendous reputation for itself among the Communists, far beyond its actual power. The Communists blamed us for every defeat they suffered. They sent into the New York ACTU office a spy who represented himself as a newspaper employee who wanted to organize an ACTU group on his paper. One of the unsuspecting chaplains told the man to get in touch with me

and I'd show him how to go about it.

I never saw him, of course, but in due time there appeared in a Red-front publication scandalously called *The Protestant* (it was about as Protestant as Joe Stalin) an article describing the plot of the Catholic clergy of New York against the Newspaper Guild, identifying me as the leader of the forces of archdiocesan subversion.

Gradually the fight was won, Communism in the American labor movement was pretty well beaten, and not only as a result of ACTU activity, by any means. ACTU actually had a small, though creditable, part. But when this fight petered out, ACTU found itself without a focus for its activity. Interest fell away and internal dissension replaced it.

ZEALOUS ACTU members did foolhardy things. They always had and they still do, but at this period, when the organization lacked a specific direction for its energies, foolish or ineffectual activities had serious results.

Old, seasoned members began to quarrel with each other; young members began to quarrel with the older ones; worst of all, members and chaplains began to quarrel, and chaplains resigned. For several years the New York chapter was without the guidance of a priest and the archdiocesan authorities looked upon it with suspicion. Originally an ACTU function, the Labor Day Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral was taken over as an archdiocesan event.

But in spite of this, and in spite

of a terrible lack of funds (not new to ACTU) the organization continued.

ACTU's revival came as the public's attention began to focus on racketeering and corruption in unions. Here was a new, vital, public cause for the organization, which again began to attract young enthusiasts, such as Schuller and McNiff. One of the great victories of the new ACTU, in addition to that in Local 88, was in the reform of the International Jewelry Workers Union.

Many Puerto Ricans were exploited by this union. For a whole year, ACTU, led by McNiff, investigated and discovered that in a typical local of the IJWU, workers were never consulted on contract conditions, nor did they ever see the contract under which they worked; union members were often



JOHN MCNIFF, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF ACTU, TESTIFYING BEFORE THE SENATE RACKET'S INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

fired for asking to see a copy of the contract.

Men and women would sometimes be members of the union for three or four years without even knowing it; employers would pay the workers' initiation fees and dues. When a legitimate union wished to step in, the workers would suddenly be told they already belonged to one, which had a contract with the management. Sometimes there never was a contract: only a "gentlemen's agreement" between employer and union chief.

Brooklyn's Local 222 of the IJWU was picked by ACTU as the main target—it was the biggest, the strongest and the most corrupt. It was controlled by Joey Rao and "Joe Stretch" Stracci, New York mobsters. Rao's son was administrator of the local's welfare fund. One of the local's business representatives was George "Muscles" Futterman. He had been convicted of bribing a prosecution witness in the trial of Bendetto Macri for the 1949 murder of William Lurye, organizer for the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

IN JUNE, 1957, ACTU had received a complaint from the employees of another factory that their average wage for a 40-hour week was \$42.50. Union dues were \$3 a month after a \$15 initiation fee. The shop steward was appointed by the employer and when, occasionally, the \$250-a-week union delegates visited the plant they spent all their time with the boss.

ACTU fought to get a legitimate union into the plant. Secretly, it

gathered data on the IJWU for the benefit of law-enforcement officers. Openly, it gave the workers legal help to break the "sweetheart" contracts.

On the strength of ACTU's investigation, the Ethical Practices Committee of the AFL-CIO investigated the IJWU. The New York County District Attorney seized the union's books, and Hyman Powell, its international secretary-treasurer, was arrested and indicted on 14 counts of conspiracy, grand larceny and forgery. Powell eventually pleaded guilty and is awaiting sentence.

The union was placed under a monitorship by the AFL-CIO, and at the May, 1959, IJWU convention, a reform ticket was elected, replacing most of the old officers.

BECAUSE THERE is much, much more work to be done, in this and many other unions, the young ACTU generation is swinging into the fight, using the tools the Association has forged from the beginning.

One of these tools is the labor school. From its birth, ACTU has promoted the education of unionists through schools of leadership. Many have gone from these schools into positions of real effectiveness in the labor movement. The most distinguished alumnus probably is Joseph Beirne, president of the Communications Workers of America and an influential leader in the top echelons of the AFL-CIO. He was graduated from an ACTU labor school in 1938.

Stimulated at its 1953 convention by Father Joseph P. Fitzpatrick, S.J., Professor of Sociology at Ford-

ham University, and led by Bob O'Neill, 22, Bob Mozer, 22, and Norman DeWeaver, 19, ACTU began founding new labor schools for the training of Spanish-speaking workers.

It had to start by training teachers who were bilingual. The language problem was not the only one—there were the matters of customs, of parliamentary procedure used in union meetings, of the simple notion of being on time for meetings and appointments. But the results in the development of sophisticated union people cannot be doubted.

Another ACTU tool is participation in public discussions on the labor movement's illegitimate elements. On August 2, 1957, McNiff, then only 22 and bearing the title of executive secretary of the New York ACTU, appeared before McClellan's Senate Committee on labor-management racketeering, bringing ACTU national attention for the first time.

He talked of collusion between employers and dishonest union leaders. He cited "paper locals" which bar legitimate unions from small shops by arranging sweetheart contracts. He gave names and in-

stances, and contributed greatly to the education of American legislators, drawing on ACTU's years of experience.

Although ACTU's racket-busting activities have brought the group public recognition, it also has done much to help legitimate unions that have had trouble enrolling Catholic workers.

Where Catholics erroneously have believed the Church to be anti-union, ACTU, through speeches and pamphlets, has spread the Church's true social doctrines. ACTU associates are among those who have formed a similar organization for employers: the Catholic Employers Study Guild.

ESSENTIALLY, ACTU fights the enemies of the labor movement by fighting to improve the labor movement itself. It believes, with the Popes of the Social Encyclicals, that both employees and employers should be fair in relations with each other; that employees—and employers—should group themselves together in legitimate organizations to obtain justice.

And it believes that the time to get into the fight is when you are young. ■ ■

■ THE INTERNATIONAL or de facto zoning which divides neighborhoods into upper class and lower class, Negro and white, Puerto Rican and native in the East, Mexican and native in the Southwest, results in public schools that are largely homogeneous in economic, ethnic, and social grouping. Such homogeneity, if not completely absent in parochial schools, is far less prominent. If the children in parochial schools are all of one religion, they are more likely to be of different social, economic, racial and ethnic origins.

LEO PFEFFER in *Creeds in Competition*

*In an all-White neighborhood
how do families react to Negroes moving in?
And what does one person do about it?*

PIE and PREJUDICE

by JO ANN WELCH

I STOOD JUST inside the front screen door of our old two-story frame house. My right hand rested uncertainly on the knob. In the other I held a fragrant, brown-crusted blueberry pie. Dejectedly, I leaned my head against the screen and thought to myself, "Nope. I just can't do it."

I had baked this pie in the morning and was trying to get up the courage to take it over to our new neighbors. Ordinarily, it's supposed

to be an easy way to break the ice—a sign that says, "Hi! Glad you're here. Hope we get along."

But today I needed courage because we are white and the people who had moved in across the street were Negroes.

WE LIVE IN Minneapolis. Our neighborhood is old—some 50 years ago my husband's grandfather built the house we're now living in. But it's a good neighborhood, made up





C. Ponsot

of friendly, honest people with middle-income jobs. Just a block from our house is a small lake and a park with good "climbing trees" for the children. Not too far west of us is a section with a heavy Negro population, but here in our neighborhood the people are white.

To have a Negro family move into the house across the street was a big and rather frightening event.

A next-door neighbor was the first to bring me the news a few weeks before.

"Niggers movin' in across the street! Can you beat that? 'Course it don't make no difference to Mr. Nelson and me 'cause we're movin' anyway. But if you folks plan on stayin' here, you should do somethin' about it. Circulate a petition to keep them out, or somethin'."

I had not known exactly what to say.

MY FAMILY HAD lived in the South until I was twelve. I was used to the sight of Negroes thronging the downtown streets, living in row upon row of small dirty shacks in a section called "Nigger Town." Help was cheap in those days and there had always been a Negro cook or maid or handy man around our house.

I considered myself a good Christian. In high school I had always agreed with the theories of equality put forth by my teachers. But to live across the street from Negroes, their children playing with ours? I just did not know.

Finally, I had said, "Maybe it's only a rumor, Mrs. Nelson. Sometimes stories like that get started and they're really not true at all."

"Ain't no story! There's the sign on there now. See it? It says the Regan Company. And that's the Nigger real estate people. Mr. Akers told me. He's the one who sold our house, you know. No, it ain't no story. And if I was you, I'd do somethin' about it."

As she urgently spread the news among the other neighbors, apprehension overtook us all. Three "For Sale" signs appeared on the block. Good friends of ours down the street—a young couple with three small children—sold their house and moved just before the Negro family moved in.

One neighbor who had put his house up for sale boasted that several times at night he had torn the "For Sale" sign down from the house suspected of being sold to Negroes.

One man commented on the former owner in a hurt sort of way. "Why would she do that to all the rest of us? I just can't understand it."

Another man, a Catholic, confided to me, "O.K., so they're movin' in. All right. But they'd just better keep their kids in their own yard, that's all I can say."

I had seen the new couple when they came to look at the house. We heard that the woman was pregnant with her fourth child. She was very tall and nicely dressed. Her husband was even taller; we eventually learned he was a professional basketball player. It was a position which raised his status among the neighbors, so that we were now filled with mingled admiration and doubt.

The news traveled—as it does in

*For some reason, there was something
embarrassing about living across the street from Negroes*

neighborhoods—that they had paid at least a thousand, maybe two thousand dollars above the value of the house because of their color.

MY HUSBAND and I did not discuss it together much at first. We were ashamed of some of the things that were said. In a way ashamed of ourselves for not being able to say courageously and with conviction, “They are human beings just like the rest of us. It isn’t right to condemn them when we don’t even know them.”

For some reason which I can’t explain, there was something embarrassing about living across the street from Negroes. Even obviously decent and respectable Negroes.

We wondered about a lot of things. What would our friends think? In particular, what would my family think? Both my mother and father had been born and raised in the South. To them, Negroes were an inferior people who had to be kept in their place.

This attitude always struck me as being so paradoxical because my mother particularly was very close to some of our colored help. She and one old cook we once had were very fond of one another. They even went fishing together on Thursdays during the summertime. Their relationship was more like mother and child, I suppose, than two grown women who were friends.

But to this day, my folks enjoy telling stories which ridicule colored people. I believe their think-

ing reflects the South’s feeling that the Negro must be kept in subjection or he will take over and rule the Whites. This thought is repellent to Southern Whites because of the caliber of the Negroes who surround them. For the most part, the Whites do not seem to accept any responsibility for the lack of morals or education in the people they scorn.

I can remember once, when I was younger, saying something to my mother about a colored lady. My mother corrected me. “Colored woman you mean, honey.”

THEN THERE was the thought that perhaps the value of our property would depreciate because of Negroes living across the street. We had no figures either to support or to refute such a theory, but it was something we had always heard, and it was frightening. This fear was perhaps the main reason others in the neighborhood had put their houses up for sale.

We wondered too about our children. We knew that their friendliness and innocence would quickly penetrate the color barrier, and this alarmed us. Would these friendships eventually lead to marriage?

Soon, even *we* were tempted to consider moving. The whole situation presented such large, unanswerable problems that we wondered how we could stay and face them. Even if we did stay, what good would it do?

My husband and I had to make

up our minds: Do we stay or do we leave? First of all, we were Christians. We believed in the brotherhood of all men, that we were all God's children united by the strong bond of His love.

No matter how we tried to get around it, we could not justify our feelings about the people moving in across the street. We had here a real test of our Christianity; we finally decided that to move away now would mean we didn't honestly practice what we professed to believe.

Once the decision was made, it was actually easier to handle our worries. Not that they were gone. They were not. We realized that it was going to take courage to stay, perhaps more courage than either of us had, but we knew we at least had to try.

Now, as I stood by the door with the blueberry pie in my hand, I tried to get the courage I needed to walk across the street. I felt as if every eye in the block were staring straight through our screen door, and that feeling made me step back a foot or two.

As I stood there, groping for confidence, I recalled, strangely, a scene from my childhood. I had been only ten at the time, but now the incident returned vividly.

I had been in the house when I heard my father shouting from outside.

"Damn dirty niggers! What do you mean sneaking in here trying to steal my things? Eleanor! Eleanor!

Call the police! These damn niggers were trying to break into our garage."

My stomach had contracted with fear, but I ran out into the back yard in time to see three young Negro boys lined up in front of my father. They were not much older than I, and their thin brown bodies were trembling with fear.

I crept up behind my father and stood staring at them. One of them started to say, "Please, suh—"

My father's hand shot out and slapped the boy across the mouth.

"Don't talk back to me, you lying, two-faced nigger!"

The boy recoiled from the blow, then raised a fist to his cheek as two large tears rolled down his face.

Then the police came, and after some questions they took the boys away.

That was all. Mother calmed my father, and a careful search found nothing missing from the garage. The incident was soon forgotten and never mentioned at home again.

But now I remembered. Remembered the hurt, the fear, the smoldering hate mirrored in those large brown eyes.

As I stood there with the pie in my hand, those tear-filled eyes came to my mind once again.

I held up the blueberry pie, eyed it critically for a moment, then thought maybe it could be my chance to settle an old score.

I pushed the screen door open and walked across the street. ■ ■

■ A FOOT ON the brake is worth two in the grave.

Marty Mann is a woman. She is the founder and executive director of the National Committee on Alcoholism. In the twenties and thirties, she was one of the "diseased" people her organization is now trying to help. This is the story of her "sickness" and how she cured it.

██████████ DRINKING

██████████ WAS

██████████ HER

██████████ DISEASE

by KEITH WINTER

"**T**HEN, FOR SOME time," she said, "I was a rabbit catcher."

"A rabbit catcher?" I said. My surprise was more conventional than real. I've known Marty Mann for some time. She's a consistently surprising woman. She is also the founder and executive director of the National Council on Alcoholism, which does not number rabbit-catching among its pursuits.

"In Scotland—she went on—a small and beautiful village, way up north as far as I could get from London, as far as I could run from the Great American Novel I'd gone to England to write—and hadn't—, as far



as I could fly from the disastrous confusion of my life.

Needless to say, I'd been having a "nervous breakdown." I had them periodically—like other people get colds. In those days, the late twenties and early thirties, I believed quite literally I was being pursued by the Furies.

It's a sensation frequently experienced by alcoholics but familiarity, believe me, does nothing to diminish the horror. When the Hunt starts, you begin to run—fast. You have the choice of two directions. Either, like those unfortunate Biblical pigs, you head for the Gadarrene cliffs, or you go the other way—toward God.

Naturally, I didn't realize any of this at the time, any more than I realized I was an alcoholic. I regarded myself, not without a certain truth, as a searcher. I was looking for the secret formula that would make my life suddenly and magically "all right."

I also had a theory, undeclared but definite, that if you wanted an answer you had to go somewhere. If the mileage I covered is any criterion, I must also have believed that the further you traveled the better the answer would be.

Oh, I was a mass of fine theories. Apart from the fact they never worked, they were simply great. And the reason they never worked was that a very simple truth had eluded me entirely: you can't be a searcher and an escaper at the same time. Prisoners in flight from jail do not stop to pick wild flowers but I, never one to recognize my limitations, made a darned good shot at it."

I NODDED. The rabbits were still on my one-track mind. "What I want to know," I said, "is who suggested rabbit-catching as a balm for your troubled soul?"

"The rabbit catcher, of course," said Marty. "I was living with the local rabbit catcher."

Perking up as I scented torrid romance, I said, "Were you, indeed!"

"And his wife," said Marty, giving me a squelching sort of smile. "His wife happened to be an old friend of mine."

"It all sounds very healthy," I said glumly.

"FIRST THING every morning—Marty resumed—I'd make for the window but not, as you might imagine, to inhale the fresh air. On the sill, left for me by my understanding pal, the postman, there'd be a large noggin of whiskey. That's how I'd start my day. Rabbit-catching followed, and some generous imbibing followed the rabbit-catching. As you see, my idea of a healthy country life was a little unusual.

Then there were the Saturday night dances in the village hall. I really loved dancing, and was pretty good at it. On these occasions, however, dancing was only my secondary objective. Scotsmen think they know something about drinking, but the way I threw back their native brew—and without batting an eyelid—frankly stunned them.

Basking in their admiration, it never even occurred to me that my prowess with the bottle was scarcely an occasion for applause. How could there be anything wrong about something I did so well?

*Alcoholics are almost fanatically fussy
about other people's drinking*

Dear me, no, there was nothing wrong with my drinking, but *everything* was wrong with my life. What had happened? What had become of "the girl who had everything?" Why was I pursued by disaster? When had it all started? What had I done to deserve this monstrous injustice?

Sleepless in the calm of those Scottish nights, I tore blindly through the forest of my past, misery in my mind, a Gargantuan rage in my heart, searching desperately for a clue, a fact, an answer. Do you know the line—Meredith's, I believe—"Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul when hot for certainty in this our life"? Well, that was me.

On I stumbled, panic mounting. I wasn't quite alone in that forest. Always from behind me came a sound like rising wind, soft but very sinister. I knew what it meant—the Furies were out hunting too, and I had to nail down my quarry before they caught up. There wasn't much time to lose. On I went—in circles.

I thought of my parents—very wonderful people. At home and abroad, they'd given me the best education that money could buy. More importantly, they'd never failed to give me love and understanding. Stumbling around in my forest, I tried to find some Freudian interpretation for their perfectly normal affections. Couldn't come up with one. No dice.

I thought of my ex-husband. I didn't hate him at all. As a mat-

ter of fact, he was a very bright and charming fellow. There had been, of course, one rather serious snag—he drank. So did I, but what I found really intolerable about his conduct was that he had the nerve to drink *more than I did*.

You know, I don't believe it's generally known, but alcoholics (and *emotionally* I most assuredly was one from the very start) are almost fanatically fussy about other people's drinking. People who don't drink at all are abnormal, those who drink less than themselves are sissies, and those who drink more, drunkards. So my husband and I had wished each other well, and parted.

There were no emotional scars from the marriage which might give me a lead, so I frantically plunged on through my forest.

I thought of New York. Two promising careers, first as an interior decorator, then as a magazine editor. What had happened to those jobs so splendidly begun? I'd gotten bored stiff with them—that's what had happened.

I thought of London, the marvelous, glittering London of the early thirties. How I loved it! I thought of the many brilliant and distinguished people I'd known, people who liked a good time as much as I did but who, for all their gaiety, had managed to achieve things—very great things, many of them.

I thought of my photography business that had started so famously

*Oh, for a drink! My desire was so intense
I believe I would have killed for it*

and ended so feebly. And yet I knew, and without wishful thinking, that I too was capable of great achievement. I had the vitality, the brains, the desire. What was wrong? All these enterprises that had begun so gloriously and ended in nothingness; what was it that always, finally, and inevitably stood in the way? The simple, two-word answer—a bottle—never even occurred to me.

No, I concluded it was the career itself that stood in the way. I was too intense a thinker, too great an explorer (wasn't I searching for the Secret of Life itself?) to be bothered with that sort of nonsense. After all, did anyone suggest that Socrates take a job?

And so (as they say in those nauseating travelogues), we leave lovely Scotland and return to London. Yes, we return to London, mission unfulfilled, answers dustier than ever. Hopelessly and helplessly we *drink*.

IN A FEW years' time World War II would begin. In a few years' time the lights of England would go out, and the glittering city I loved so well would be plunged into darkness. For me, it had already happened. My sick eyes looked out and saw a city in a blackout.

A bottle in my bag, day after day I sat on the benches of Hyde Park and stared blindly into space. I thought again of my childhood home, comfortable, happy, and I

the most religious member of a religious family.

What had happened to Him, the God of those carefree, halcyon days? I hadn't the slightest idea, and I no longer cared. Saturated with sophistication—the bottled variety—I thought: God is for peasants; God is for the naïve.

BACK TO New York. Why? As an Englishman might put it, why bloody well not?

I thought the city had deteriorated to an almost unbelievable extent. In actual fact, nothing had changed at all. The rot was in *me*. So, what to do? Work? Even to cross a street had become an adventure of the utmost peril. Think? I could no longer complete a sentence in my mind. Only Terror was real. There was something I could do about that. Drown it. Day after day, night after night, drown it. For one year I never drew a sober breath.

Then came the psychiatrists, lots of them; excellent men who knew their job. But their hands were tied—by me. I certainly didn't *try* to be dishonest, but I no longer knew what truth was. I believed I was nuts. And when someone who is basically sane believes they're basically nuts, you have, to put it mildly, a situation of considerable confusion.

Living was a thing of the past. I continued to exist—with rage, unmitigated rage. It was the only emotion left, and I clung to it.

IN 1938 I entered a sanitarium in Connecticut. I had a wonderful doctor—and no hope. Time had run out, the curtain of my life was descending, and I knew that only a miracle could save me. But I didn't believe in miracles.

One day, in my doctor's office, I picked up an advance copy of a book, shortly to be published. Mildly intrigued, I took it back to my room. Lying on my bed, I listlessly turned the pages.

It was one of my "bad" days. I'd just received news of a terrible crisis in my family. There was nothing now I could do to help them but I knew, with a mounting sense of guilt and frustration, that if I hadn't become a drunken wash-out this crisis would never have occurred.

Flinging the book aside, I raged about the room. Oh, for a drink! My desire at that moment was so intense I believe I would have killed for it. Suddenly, my infuriated eyes fell on the discarded book. From the upturned page five words zoomed toward me: *We cannot live with anger.*

Don't ask me *why* that did it. I can only tell you that a revolution started immediately in my mind. It was as though my brain were making a superhuman effort to turn a complete somersault. A sharp, real, physical pain closed my eyes. When I opened them again, the room looked different; entirely different. With awe and incredulity, I thought: He's back, God is back. I fell on my knees and dissolved in a paroxysm of tears.

LATER, STILL CRYING, I went down

to my doctor's office and blurted out my experience. "Tell me," I implored him, "Am I crazy? *Am I?*"

He regarded me with a smile of great compassion. "No," he said, "not crazy; just unusually fortunate. You've found what everyone is looking for."

The next day I went to New York and visited the authors of the book. Their faces were kind and eminently sane. They told me they had been powerless over alcohol, and that alcoholism was an incurable and progressive disease. Desperate and incapable, they had decided to turn their unmanageable lives over to the care of God—as they understood Him.

Sharing each other's experiences, hopes, and fears, they had made a revolutionary discovery—on a day-by-day basis, the fatal disease could be arrested indefinitely. I didn't doubt them for a moment. The truth in that room was practically tangible.

"How can I join?" I almost shouted.

Smiling at my eager face, they said, "You appear to have done so."

THAT WAS IT. I took to their program like the proverbial duck to water. Following their guidance, and working on myself daily, I became, after several years, a pleasantly reasonable and reasonably pleasant human being. Now, I told myself, you can settle down, look forward to a happy ever after.

No sooner had I come to this misguided conclusion than I heard it again—that old, familiar sound like rising wind. Once more, the Furies were out hunting. Another

pack, this time. This lot was after Life, not death; but the baying in the wind was equally clamorous, equally insistent.

What about the others? was the theme of their cry. What about the millions in your own country, the millions all over the world who suffer from the disease of alcohol-

NATIONAL COMMITTEE ON ALCOHOLISM

The National Committee on Alcoholism is a voluntary health agency which works to educate the public and special groups to a new understanding of alcoholism as a disease and to provide more and better facilities for the care and treatment of alcoholics.

It differs from Alcoholics Anonymous in that while AA is a loosely-knit fellowship of men and women banded together to solve their common problems of alcoholism, the National Committee on Alcoholism deals with alcoholism as other public health agencies combat tuberculosis, cancer, heart disease and other major threats to human health. It is composed of physicians, scientists and laymen. It is neither "wet" nor "dry."

National headquarters is at 2 East 103rd St., New York 29, N. Y.

ism? How are they going to discover it is a disease?

Who's going to tell them there's hope, a way out? Who's going to tell their friends and families? Who's going to inform the factories, the professions, the businesses? Who's going to raise the money? Who's going to seek the support of the press, the medical profession, the churches?

Early one morning in 1944, after a sleepless, hunted night, with the *good* Furies in full cry, I got up and grabbed a writing pad. Experimentally I wrote: The National Council on Alcoholism. I paused. I prayed, "Let me be an instrument. Let me be used to my utmost capacity. Let me be *stretched!*" Then I picked up the pencil again and the words flowed.

That was the beginning of a journey that has lasted 16 years, thrilling, exasperating, beautiful—and uphill all the way. Perhaps I'll never see the top, but that doesn't worry me any more. You see, I know now that many others will."

I WAITED IN suspense but Marty Mann had finished. She was glancing at her watch. "Heavens," she said, "I've got to fly!"

"Where?" I asked rather irritably.

"To Hawaii," she said, as though it were Bloomingdale's.

A hurried good-by and she was out of the room. Following her through the door, I called out, "I've had a wonderful time, but I can't remember a word you've uttered!"

Her pleasant laughter floated up the stairs. "You will!" she said. "You will!"

*Informing the public
about alcoholism in
Times Square, New
York.*



N.C.A. GOALS

- Complete elimination of the stigma on alcoholism.
- Adequate public support for alcoholism programs.
- An active committee on alcoholism in every city and town.
- A nation-wide network of Alcoholism Information and Consultation Centers.
- Treatment of *acute* alcoholism in all general hospitals.
- Adequate out-patient clinical facilities.
- The full participation of the medical profession.
- A broad and continuing research program.
- Teaching on alcoholism in lay and professional schools.



**THE
THEATER
TEACHES
THE
MASS**

New York City's Church of the Good Shepherd has a Broadway address. Though the church is not exactly *in* the famed theater district—Good Shepherd is about 160 blocks north—it does have a first-class amateur theatrical group: the Paulist Players.

Good Shepherd also has a 12:15 Sunday Mass, well-attended by parishioners dedicated to taking the last full measure of sleep. But recently, over a four-week span, all parishioners packed into the school auditorium for the 12:15—a half-hour early.

They had come to see the Paulist Players present a 20-minute original sketch, *The Mass Dramatized*. With it the Paulist Fathers at Good Shepherd believe they have scored a “first;” more importantly, they think they’ve found a successful way to help their parishioners understand, appreciate and love the Mass.

The sketch, written by parishioner Richard Cusack from an idea originated by Paulist Fathers William Greenspun and Phillip Cunningham, adapts the simple format used in Thornton Wilder’s *Our Town*. As the auditorium darkens, a spotlight follows one of the Players out of the audience and onto the stage, which features a scrim, or transparent gauze curtain. The scrim serves as a church wall, in front of which the “Narrator” talks to the audience and with “George Spelvin,” a bored churchgoer.

Behind the scrim, seen by the audience but not by the two principals, other Players silently act out what the Narrator and Spelvin are discussing.

Presented here is the script and photos from *The Mass Dramatized*, which *The New York Times* said “may have started a new trend in religious drama.”

THE MASS DRAMATIZED

A SKETCH

by Richard Cusack

CAST OF CHARACTERS

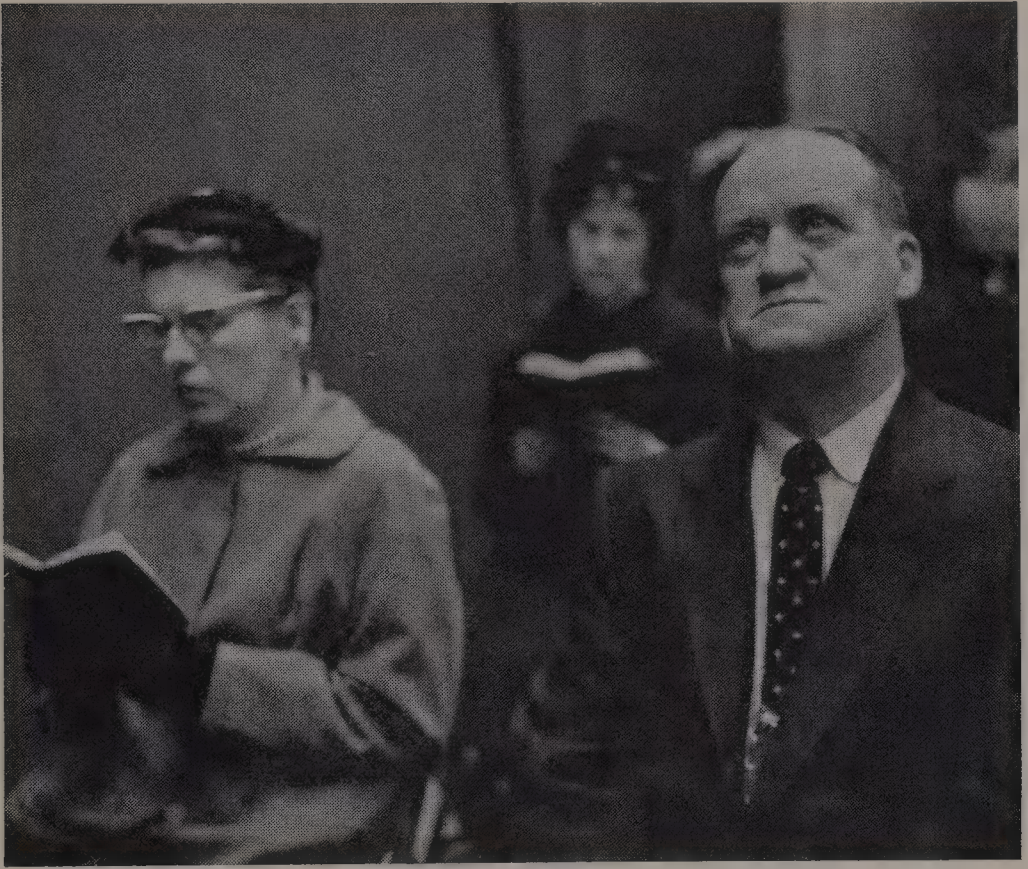
(in order of appearance)

Joe Butlerthe narrator
George Spelvina parishioner
Margaret Spelvinhis wife
Farmer of ancient times
Worshiping men and women in ancient dress
High Priest
Catholic priest
Mass server

SCENE: A stage equipped with a bench; behind the bench is a scrim with an outline of a church painted on it. From the audience Narrator walks down middle aisle, up stairs at left of stage, pauses and turns to the people. He carries a missal with him.

NARRATOR: Good morning . . . I'm Joe Butler. I'm from another parish . . . St. Stephen's. That's our church. (*Points to exterior of church painted on scrim.*) Confessions every Saturday . . . Baptisms by appointment . . . Three Masses daily, five on Sundays . . . Late Mass is the crowded Mass. Seems like we pack half the parish in at the 12:15. We've even got committees organized to get more people out early on Sunday . . . But somehow folks naturally like to sleep in one day a week. And the pastor has kind of resigned himself to it.

(*Spotlight falls on two persons behind the scrim, a man and a woman kneeling in church.*)
NARRATOR: (*Moving across stage to sit on bench.*) That's . . . ah . . . George Spelvin. George is one of our parishioners. Lived in St. Stephen's all his life; born there . . . raised there and married a girl from the parish: Margaret Finan. That's Margaret next to him. A good man, George. Plenty of time on the prayer mat. Let's see . . . George is about 50 now . . . Probably said the Way of the Cross 850 times . . . the Rosary 13,405 times . . .



IN CHURCH BEFORE MASS, GEORGE CAN'T CONCENTRATE.

He's heard . . . about . . . 3,400 Masses. Yes, George is a fine Catholic gentleman. (*Leans toward audience; looks around.*) And between you and me . . . George is going to make it. (*Winks as if he's really in on the "know." Points up to Heaven.*) . . . And so is Margaret his wife. Yet despite all this . . . George is uneasy.

(*George sits back, moves in seat nervously as if trying to concentrate but can't.*)

NARRATOR: He's been like this at Mass now for a couple of months. And it's getting worse. Just last Sunday George's wife noticed it

. . . He's been coming to Mass early now . . . reading his missal but *that* doesn't seem to help. (*George gets up, genuflects and leaves. Spotlight fades out.*) He's coming out for a smoke . . . It's been this way now . . . for some time.

(*George enters from left of stage in front of the scrim, one hand reaching inside his coat pocket for his pipe and matches. He walks toward narrator, not noticing him at first.*)

NARRATOR: Morning, George . . .

SPELVIN: Oh . . . good morning, Joe . . . (*Spelvin lights pipe.*)

Feel like I need to stretch a bit
. . . Mass doesn't begin for 15
minutes or so . . .

NARRATOR: You look serious, George
. . . What's on your mind?

SPELVIN: You know, Joe, I've been
going to Mass for some time now.

NARRATOR: Yes.

SPELVIN: I was thinking . . . sup-
pose . . . just suppose . . . the
Pope was to say you didn't have
to go to Mass any more. Just sup-
pose. That means you could stay
in bed all day Sunday if you
wanted to. And it wouldn't be a
sin. Right?

NARRATOR: Right . . .

SPELVIN: Not even a venial sin.

NARRATOR: Not even a venial sin.
So?

SPELVIN: Well the point is . . . there
are still some people who would
get up and go to Mass. There'd
still be people who'd love to go to
Mass.

NARRATOR: Well, why should that
disturb you?

SPELVIN: Because . . . because I
don't think *I'd* be one of them.

NARRATOR: You mean . . . you'd be
one of those who wouldn't go un-
less you had to?

SPELVIN: That's right.

NARRATOR: And that disturbs you?

SPELVIN: Frankly, it does.

NARRATOR: Well, you needn't be
ashamed to admit that. There
are hundreds of thousands of
Catholics who feel that way. Per-
haps millions. They're bored by
Mass.

SPELVIN: Now . . . I wouldn't say
I was *bored* . . .

NARRATOR: All right . . . let's call
it *mild* boredom. You endure

AS GEORGE SPELVIN AND THE NARRA-
TOR TALK, THE REASON WHY GEORGE
IS DISTRACTED AT MASS BECOMES CLEAR.

Mass out of loyalty to your Faith.
Is that right?

SPELVIN: I don't know if that's right
at all . . . I . . .

NARRATOR: Putting it another way
then, let's say Mass could be more
interesting for you.

SPELVIN: That . . . I'll buy. *That*
. . . I'll buy! I mean I feel pretty
strong about the Mass. It means
a lot to me. But there are a lot
of things I just don't understand
about the Mass.

NARRATOR: Well, for example . . .
(*Looks at watch.*) What time do
you have?

SPELVIN: A little after twelve.

NARRATOR: We have time. What,
for example, don't you under-
stand about the Mass?

SPELVIN: Well . . . like washing the
hands . . . the moving of the
Mass book from the right side of
the altar to the left . . . I don't
even know what they mean by the
Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. What
do they mean—*sacrifice*?

NARRATOR: Sacrifice! My, my,
George. You've touched on a very
important idea. So important, by
the way, if you don't understand
what sacrifice means in terms of
the Mass . . . you really can't
understand the Mass at all. What
is sacrifice? Most people believe
sacrifice is something negative
. . . something you give up.

SPELVIN: Well isn't it?

NARRATOR: In today's usage, yes.
But that wasn't the original
meaning. The original meaning





of sacrifice was "gift-giving." And gift-giving is as old as the hills. Ever since Adam, people have given gifts. It's a perfectly natural thing for men to do. It's like waving or yelling at an old friend we haven't seen in years . . . or giving a parade for a hero. The idea of gift-giving is built right into our nature. It's a perfectly natural way for us to show our good will, affection and favor to someone. See that ring on your finger?

SPELVIN: My wedding ring. The one Margaret gave me.

NARRATOR: That's a sacrifice. That's a gift. And do you know what it means?

SPELVIN: That I'm married.

NARRATOR: (*laughs*) It means a lot more than that, though . . . "I love you." "I want to give myself to you." "I want to be united to you." That's what sacrifice *is* and that's what it *means* . . .

SPELVIN: But how do you relate . . . where do you tie in sacrifice . . . with God?

NARRATOR: Well, it's natural that so spontaneous and expressive a gesture as gift giving . . . as sacrifice . . . be used in man's relations with God. When man first began to realize the meaning of God . . . he felt a terrific difference between himself and God. God seemed to him great, majestic, powerful . . . Man: weak, lowly, dependent . . . And because God was good to man, man felt a need to show his thanks and affection. So he offered sacri-



fices. The first sacrifices were very simple. At harvest time, the farmer looked over his wheat fields and realized that God had caused its success. So he cut some of the finest ears of wheat, tied them into a sheaf, which he fixed to the top of a pole . . . (*Spotlight plays on farmer of ancient times holding up to heavens shaft of wheat on pole.*) It was his offering to God, his way of expressing gratitude. (*Spotlight fades out.*)

SPELVIN: I see. The Romans were great for that too, weren't they?

NARRATOR: Oh yes. The people would come to the temple of the god they wished to worship and they brought a gift with them . . . a sacrifice: an ox, a goat . . . There were processions, singing, burning of incense and the thing brought was killed.

SPELVIN: Now that's something I could never figure out: why the primitive people would kill an animal. What a waste!

NARRATOR: Waste or not . . . it was a very important part of the sacrifice. It showed that the gift . . . the sacrifice . . . was taken away from them . . . was no longer theirs.

SPELVIN: I see. I see. But didn't some of the primitives sacrifice human life?

NARRATOR: Oh yes . . . but that's because they believed human life was precious. A human life was the greatest offering they could make to their God. Others, less primitive, realized that human

life was not theirs to give . . . and so gave the life of some animal which was meant to represent their own life.

SPELVIN: Was the old sacrifice anything like the sacrifice of the Mass?

(*Behind scrim, assemblage of men and women in ancient dress enter on stage. Spotlight reveals a table altar, around which the people gather.*)

NARRATOR: In its form . . . yes. In general, when men decided to worship God they usually came together in a certain place. It could have been a stone or a rock, anything of that sort. And the proceedings were led by a high priest of some kind. (*Enter high priest with plaster lamb.*) He was the man authorized in charge of worship. We would call him a priest. An object of some kind would be carried to the altar. It would be provided by the community and it would be a gift of some importance. The best cow or sheep or lamb available. (*High priest holds up the lamb.*) Then the priest would offer it

to God and do something to it. Kill it usually, to show that the community now ceased to possess it. (*Spotlight fades out.*)

SPELVIN: I see. But instead of offering animals why didn't they offer . . . say gold or silver?

NARRATOR: When the ancients gave a gift to their God they wanted to imply that they were giving themselves. So they gave gifts like animals' lives or things like food and drink which support life. The life of the lamb, for example, was meant to represent their own life. In other words,

they in effect said: "We want to give ourselves to you. But since human life is not ours to give, we give you the best of animal life as a symbol."

SPELVIN: I see. I guess the Offertory of the Mass is the modern-day version of the old high priest holding up the lamb . . . at the sacrificial offering.

(*Spotlight shows priest holding up Host over table altar, which now holds a crucifix, candles, chalice and paten.*)

NARRATOR: That's right. Except that the sacrifice . . . the gift of-

SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.





BY EATING THE GIFT THAT IS GOD'S, MAN IS UNITED TO HIM.

ferred at Mass . . . is the greatest gift that mankind can offer.

SPELVIN: It's God Himself.

NARRATOR: That's right. Jesus Christ, the perfect gift. Every time you attend Mass you attend a ceremony in which God receives our most perfect gift. (*Spotlight fades out.*)

SPELVIN: Fascinating. Absolutely fascinating. But how did the ancients know that their God accepted the gift offered?

NARRATOR: They didn't. In most cases they assumed it. So they usually went up to the altar to eat part of the gift that they had offered to God. (*Spotlight directed on ancient high priest passing tray of food around.*)

SPELVIN: Eat it?

NARRATOR: Sure. In that way, they felt that they were in perfect harmony and union with God.

SPELVIN: How? (*Spotlight fades out.*)

NARRATOR: Well, the lamb was their gift to begin with. Right?

SPELVIN: Yes.

NARRATOR: They gave their gift to God. So the gift of the lamb was now God's. Right?

SPELVIN: Right.

NARRATOR: Therefore, by eating or partaking of the gift which was now in God's possession . . . they became united with God. Get it?

SPELVIN: Oh, *that* explains why we receive Holy Communion at Mass.

NARRATOR: That's right. At Mass

AT GOOD SHEPHERD PARISH, THE 12:15 SUNDAY MASS WAS CELEBRATED RIGHT AFTER THE SKETCH, ON THE SAME STAGE.

we offer a gift to God. We offer a perfect gift: Christ. That is our sacrifice. And we receive that gift back again that we may eat it. (*Spotlight on priest giving Communion to server.*) Communion rounds off . . . completes the sacrifice. It personalizes the sacrifice by making it each one's very own. This is what we mean when we say the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. (*Spotlight fades.*)

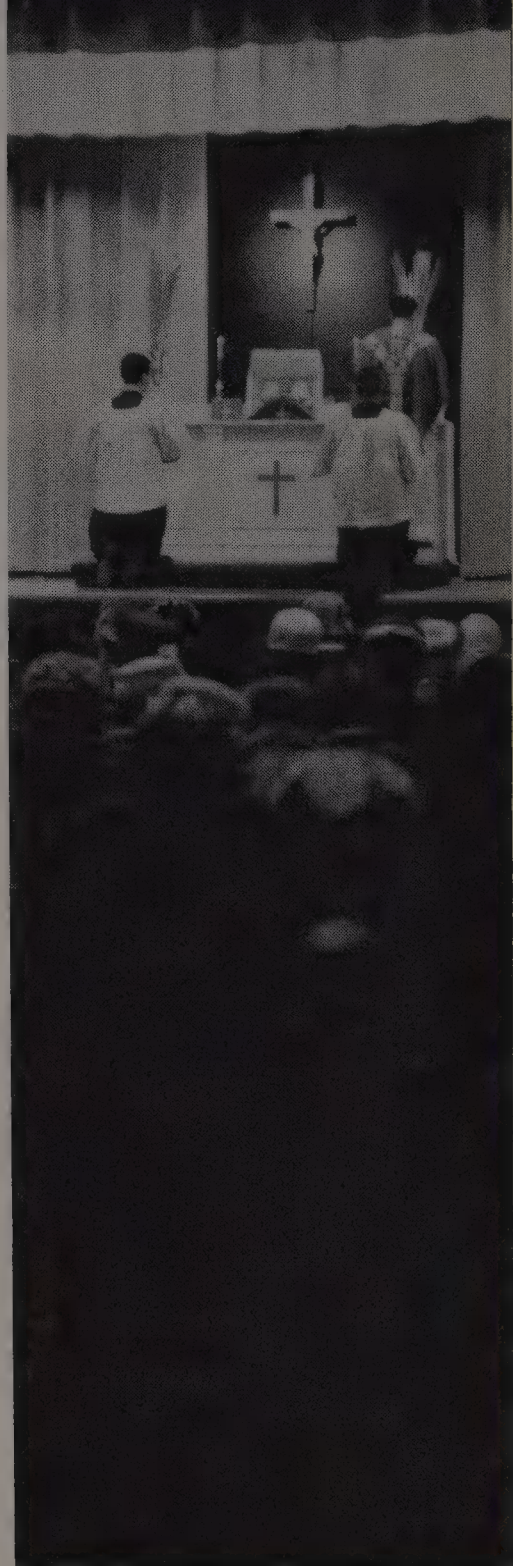
SPELVIN: Hey . . . we better get inside. Mass will start in a minute.

NARRATOR: Yes. One thing though. See that crucifix? (*Spotlight focuses on crucifix.*)

SPELVIN: Yes . . .

NARRATOR: This was the world's greatest sacrifice . . . the world's greatest gift . . . the world's greatest offering to God. Because it was God who was offered. It was the perfect sacrifice . . . infinitely perfect. The Mass is Our Lord's own sacrifice which He has given to us in a sacramental form so that we may offer Him again and again and again as a perfect gift to God until the end of time. So when you go into Mass today . . . keep in mind what's being offered. A gift: Christ. And the gift is being offered to God . . . and you and everyone in the Church are offering it with and through the priest.

(*Exit Narrator and Spelvin. Spotlight on crucifix slowly fades out.*)



—Inside Information—

In post-mortems on the White House Conference on Children and Youth, most observers seem to agree that the five-day meeting of some 7,000 persons bore out a prediction by officials of the three major faiths.

Catholic, Protestant and Jewish spokesmen among conference planners had said religious harmony would prevail—and prevail it did, despite two isolated incidents of anti-Catholic remarks and despite conference endorsement (in the broadest terms) of "family planning" and of Federal financial aid to public schools only.

Though some feel the strong emphasis in discussion groups on youth's need for religious values and belief in God wasn't adequately reflected in final conference recommendations, the session did endorse released time religious education for public school pupils.

Also, some had expected that the 800 Catholic delegates, like those at the last conference in 1950, would find themselves a beleaguered minority, but this wasn't the case.

In 1950, the voices of secularists were so strong in conference reports, Catholics and representatives of other religious groups threatened at a final hectic general assembly to disassociate themselves from conference recommendations.

They didn't, but they were far from satisfied. Things were better this time.

* * * * *

A highly significant address on Catholicism and separation of Church and State was made recently

by Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi, who is the Apostolic Delegate, or Pope's personal representative, to the U. S. Church. It was reported and printed in full by numerous religious publications, but was sparsely reported by the secular press.

Archbishop Vagnozzi told a Loyola University symposium in Chicago last March that whether U. S. Catholics are a majority or a minority he is confident they will not jeopardize the freedom their Church enjoys in exchange for a special position.

He also said his impression is that American Catholics, clergy and laity, think the freedom their Church possesses is largely responsible for its expansion.

That a prelate would say this publicly in an election year is significant enough, but that the Holy Father's own representative would say it doubles its importance.

* * * * *

The disagreement in Catholic ranks over how far this country can go in being "international" without surrendering sovereignty was shown this year—and will be shown again next—in the controversy over the "Connally Reservation."

The reservation, written into the Senate's 1946 approval of the International Court of Justice, stipulates that the United States itself decide if the Court has jurisdiction over an international dispute in which the U. S. is involved.

A committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace called for Senate repeal of the stipulation, noting that in the court's 13 years it has had only 13 cases.

On the other hand, other Catholic groups and some diocesan newspapers opposed repeal.

The matter will come up again next year—and

even more forcefully. It was dropped this year once the storm began to brew around it. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted 9 to 8 to postpone indefinitely, which means until next session, consideration of a bill for repeal of the stipulation.

* * * * *

The crushing economic and social problems of America's 500,000 traveling farm workers and their families apparently seem very remote to most Americans.

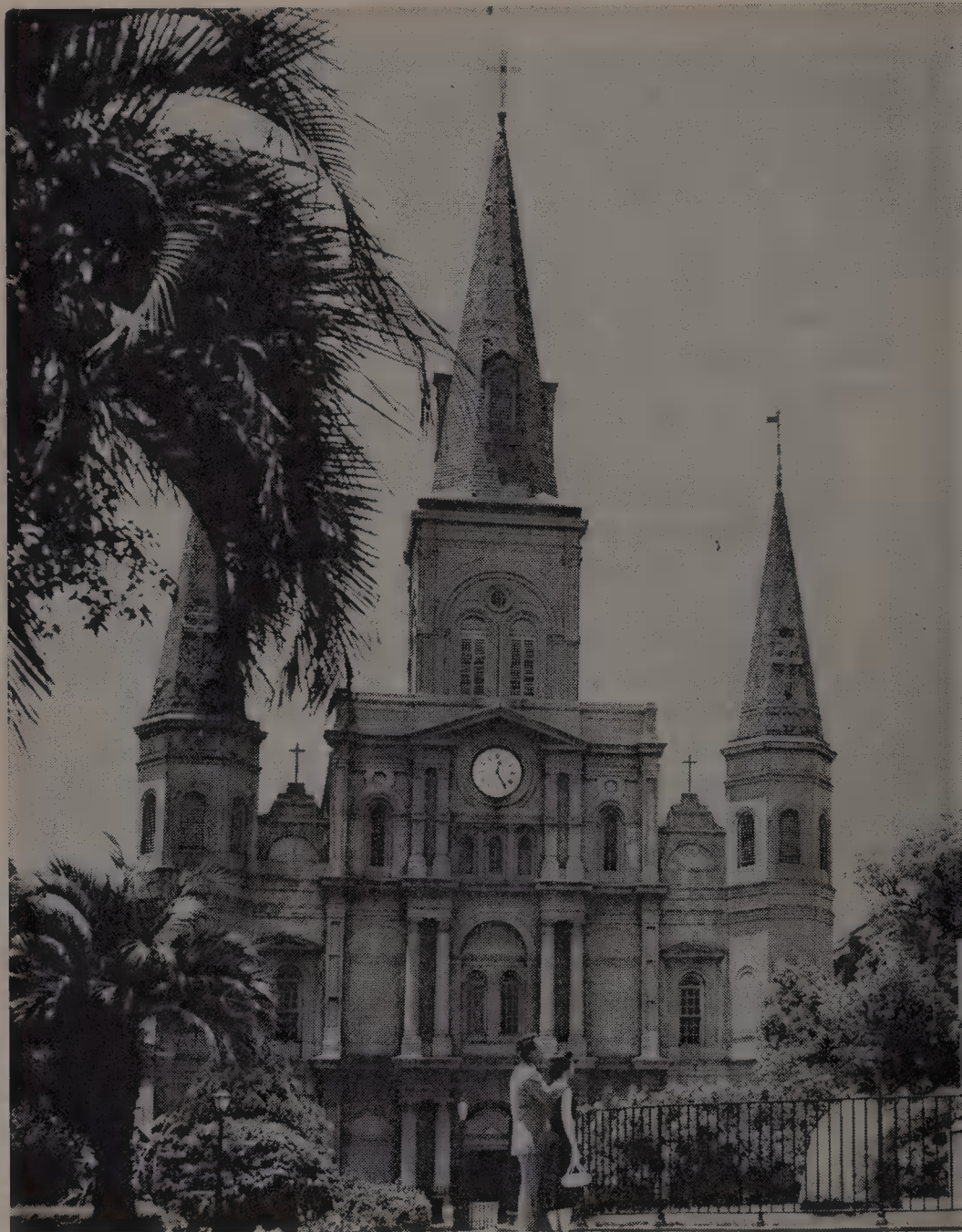
Because of this apathy, efforts to get Congress to help these people, whose average yearly income is \$900, have met with difficulty and undoubtedly will continue to next year.

Principal reason for the depressed condition of these workers is a program, operated under Public Law 78, by which almost 400,000 Mexicans are brought into this country each year to help in the harvest.

The Mexicans will work for less than an American and because of a U. S.-Mexico agreement they get guarantees of minimum salaries, inspected housing, safe transportation and other benefits that are not guaranteed to Americans.

Catholic and Protestant social action spokesmen have called on Congress to end the Mexican program and adopt legislation to aid the Americans; or, if the Mexican program must be continued, to amend it to better protect Americans.

A House subcommittee studying extension of the present Mexican importation program, for example, first scheduled public hearings at which opponents of the program were excluded. It later publicly questioned the competence of religious groups in the area of legislation and some members engaged in fiery exchanges with religious spokesmen, who finally secured permission to testify.



ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL IS THE HEART OF NEW OR-
LEANS, EPITOMIZING ALL THE ROMANCE AND COLOR
THE CITY IS KNOWN FOR ALL OVER THE WORLD.



CATHEDRAL BY THE BAYOUS

by JOY MARIE HOAG

A SWITCH WAS thrown on a dark night recently, lighting up the exterior of St. Louis Cathedral in the center of New Orleans' French Quarter and setting off a volley of protests from long-time residents of the area.

"Our Cathedral glows like a billboard advertisement or a baseball diamond for a night game," moaned one parishioner.

"If it's going to be illuminated, let the lights be soft and shadowy," pleaded another.

Some residents of the Vieux Carré, the old section of the city, offered to raise money for a different type of lighting, approached the city commission, even wrote to officials of Paris, France, to learn their se-

cret of attractive church lighting. The controversy is still not ended.

You may wonder why all this hubbub about a little thing like lighting up a church. True, it is the oldest cathedral building in the country and one of the most famous churches in North America. But for us Orleanians it is even more.

For us the St. Louis Cathedral, on a spot where God has been worshiped for almost 250 years, is the heart of our city, epitomizing all the romance and color New Orleans is famous for all over the world.

Even tourists kneeling in that dim old church for the first time feel something of this. A visiting cousin of mine told me: "I walked up and down all those narrow French Quarter streets staring at the patios and the black ironwork balconies and the antiques but, you know, the glamor and history of New Orleans never really got through to me till I knelt in your Cathedral."

History comes alive for me, too, every time I walk through its massive doors. I can picture the founder of New Orleans—Jean Baptiste Lemoyne, Sieur de Bienville—lighting a candle there and the notorious voodoo queen, Marie Laveau, in her bright red turban and gold earrings, kneeling for three hours with red peppers under her tongue.

I can see bold Andy Jackson striding down the center aisle to thank God for his amazing victory in the Battle of New Orleans and the humble Mother Cabrini, now canonized saint, bowing her head in prayer there on one of her trips to the city.

In the shadows the pews seem occupied by the famous persons who have visited the Cathedral during its long existence: Lafayette, Henry Clay, Zachary Taylor, Edwin Booth, Sarah Bernhardt, Audubon, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, Mark Twain, Theodore Roosevelt, William McKinley, William Taft.

Each time I travel this route back through time I marvel again at the endurance of the New Orleans church and the stubbornness of the city's Catholics who have refused to let die this memorial to the past. From the beginning, nature has persecuted the structure with hurricanes, fires, floods, lightning and just plain old-age weakening of the joints. But always, Orleanians have rolled up their sleeves and dug down in their pockets to keep the Cathedral alive.

TRADITION TELLS US Bienville himself, in 1718, pointed out with his sword the spot for the colony's first church. A hurricane in 1722 destroyed the "miserable warehouse" where the settlers worshiped while awaiting a fitting structure. There was joy indeed when the first permanent St. Louis parish church, ancestor of the Cathedral, was dedicated soon after.

The building, with its tall tower and wide sanctuary, was magnificent for its day. Music and colorful processions in the church were essential to the worship of the early French colonists, so their first church had a choir loft and organ—decades before any other in the country.

The crowning of a new king, a royal birth announcement, observ-



VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL DOWN A FRENCH QUARTER STREET.

ance of a governor's patron feast day—almost any such occasion was the signal for a procession of officials in their finery, the chanting of a *Te Deum* and the firing of cannons in the Place d'Armes in front of the Cathedral.

In this House of God, Capuchin friars baptized, wed and buried their people with pomp and splendor. On the vigils of Easter and Pentecost, masters and mistresses appeared at the baptismal font with their slaves, who were to be christened in groups, reminiscent of the catechumens' baptism in the early days of Christianity. Each godfather was ready with the tradi-

tional token for the priest—a cone filled with sugar-coated almonds and a single gold piece.

Weddings, such as that of the Baroness de Pontalba, who later built the splendid Pontalba buildings surrounding the Place d'Armes (now called Jackson Square), were grandiose affairs. They were equaled only by memorial services for people like Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and Napoleon, and funerals for beloved members of the community such as Fray Antonio de Sedella (Pere Antoine), who, in coarse brown habit and sandals, served as curé for four decades.

"You never saw such services,"

one old resident of the Quarter told me. Thousands would march in procession with crepe on their sleeves. Of course, all businesses were closed. The church bells tolled from early afternoon till sunset. Sometimes the leading artists would design magnificent catafalques (pall-covered, coffin-shaped structures) for the center aisle of the church.

These special affairs drew a large attendance but those early Catholics did not neglect their private visits to the Cathedral to pray for the success of their crops, protection against the Indians and safety from the dreaded yellow fever epidemics.

I CAN NEVER attend Sunday Mass at the Cathedral without thinking of those Sundays long ago when there would be slaves on benches along the walls, city officials in the first pews and behind them fair-haired Germans, raven-haired Spaniards, citizens of so many different complexions, nationalities and classes.

Up and down the aisle walked the usher or *suisse*, as the Creoles called him, in bright red coat and plumed hat, keeping order and making collections.

After Mass a drummer summoned parishioners to the front door of the church to read official documents posted there and to hear the town criers make their announcements.

NONE OF THIS was changed when the Spanish took possession of the city in 1763. They merely added to the church's religious life more traditions, such as official *clamores* or mourners at funerals, outdoor altars

and a weekly procession around the outside of the Cathedral.

A haven of peace and sanctity, the edifice was, nevertheless, surrounded by violence and brutality. Priests would often hurry out to hear the confession of some criminal about to die on the public gallows in their front yard, the Place d'Armes, or to stop a duel in their back yard, a little plot called St. Anthony's Garden, where many a sword flashed in the moonlight.

For 61 years this first parochial church, with only a few additions and repairs, served its people well—until Good Friday, 1788. An army paymaster lit a candle on an altar in his home, drapes caught fire and, fed by a strong southerly wind, the flames spread.

The Capuchins, not realizing the seriousness of the blaze, refused to let the sentry ring the church bells as an alarm (no bell could sound on Good Friday, they said). In five hours virtually every building, including the church and Capuchin monastery next door, was a smoldering ruin.

"I'll rebuild your church and many of your other buildings if after I die the priests will offer a Mass every Saturday for the repose of my soul," promised a Spanish nobleman and philanthropist, Don Almonaster y Roxas, who had come to New Orleans as a penniless notary and had prospered.

Almonaster now lies buried beneath the Cathedral sanctuary (as do many other prominent lay people, bishops and archbishops). The Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who now administer there, still offer a weekly Mass for him.

*Venerable old St. Louis Cathedral makes ■
lasting impression on hundreds of visitors every year*

After many delays the new church, costing Almonaster \$50,000, was dedicated in 1794, miraculously escaping another major fire that swept the city on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception that year. In 1793 the Pope had made Louisiana a separate diocese, so the edifice became the "Cathedral Church of St. Louis of New Orleans."

In 1850, when the Cathedral was undergoing considerable repairs and embellishments, Pope Pius IX elevated the New Orleans diocese to an archdiocese. According to a newspaper report, the church on Dec. 4, 1851, date of the rededication ceremonies, was "crowded to suffocation, revealing a mingling of brilliant uniforms, ladies' silks and satins, waving plumes, glancing steel, a mass of human faces, clouds of incense and solemn music."

Battalions of artillerymen in gay regalia escorted the archbishop and clergy from the old Ursuline convent, three squares away, with cracking drum beats. Cathedral bells pealed and a 21-gun salute thundered from the levee. Since the day was also the feast of St. Barbara, patroness of artillerymen, cannoneers revived an old French custom by bringing a cake to the archbishop's throne during the Offertory, a practice reminiscent of early Christianity when the faithful brought their offerings of bread and wine to the altar.

IN THE LAST half of the 1800's more catastrophes plagued the church.

The central tower collapsed, was rebuilt only to be struck by lightning. In 1862 a misdirected shot from a ship in Admiral David Farragut's fleet on the Mississippi ■ block away hit the clock on the outside tower, smashing it to pieces. So angry were the people that General Benjamin Butler, then stationed there, had it replaced at once.

The Cathedral had to undergo another major renovation in 1938 in preparation for the Eighth National Eucharistic Congress when 96 bishops and archbishops would gather there. In spite of these several face liftings, the church is still essentially the same as the one built by Almonaster.

THE VENERABLE old building seems to make a lasting impression on the hundreds of tourists who come to the city every year.

Visitors are always impressed by the quiet beauty of the slate-gray edifice with its high side towers and steeple dwarfing every other French Quarter building.

Even more impressed are they with the brightly-hued stained glass windows along the side aisles portraying events in the life of St. Louis, king of France; the beautifully-colored murals on the walls and ceiling over the main altar; the hand-wrought iron lanterns in French Renaissance style (in keeping with the Cathedral interior) that extend from a cornice above the balcony; the numerous saints'

statues and portraits of the Cathedral's archbishops that line the walls.

For over a hundred years (until St. Patrick's church opened its doors in the city's American section in 1833) the St. Louis Cathedral was New Orleans' only church and "God spoke only French."

Today the parish is composed mainly of transients, but loyal Orleanians in love with the old Cathedral still come from all over the city to crowd its Sunday Masses, its Holy Week services and Christmas Midnight Mass.

Truly a link between past and present, it still inspires the same feelings of intense loyalty and protectiveness it stirred up long ago. In 1833, Frenchmen were astonished when a priest mounted the pulpit steps and began to preach in, of all things, English. When electric lights blazed within the

Cathedral for the first time in the 1890's, old-timers were upset.

A few years ago, Father George Julian, administrator of the Cathedral, announced plans for air-conditioning it. But Orleanians, even though sweltering in the city's humid heat, had to be assured the equipment would not greatly alter their beloved church before they'd support the move.

In this modern world of change and insecurity, a favorite Saturday afternoon pleasure of mine is to sit lazily on a bench in Jackson Square and watch the shadows darken the color of the old Cathedral while its ancient clock chimes away the quarter hours and pigeons dart from its steeple to the grass below and back again. I look at the Cathedral of St. Louis and know that here is one thing, like the universal Catholic Church itself, that goes on and on. ■ ■ ■

■ FOR THE GOVERNMENT officially to sponsor contraception as part of its foreign aid program to "overpopulated" countries would, in effect, be to set itself up as official adjudicator over the conflicting moral philosophies held by sections of the American people.

This, under our conception of constitutional democracy, the government has neither the right nor the authority to do. With us the state is not the supreme moral teacher and guide that it is in totalitarian systems; it is a carefully defined and limited social agency serving to maintain public order, promote public welfare, and (in certain cases) effectuate moral purposes so far as there is substantial consensus among the American people on the moral issues.

We all understand this, even if we do not often put it into words. The very same people who demand that contraception be made part of our public policy abroad, even though a substantial part of the American people find contraception to be morally wrong, would be outraged and resentful if our government made abortion part of its public policy in aiding Japan, where abortion has official approval.

—WILL HERBERG.

Books

Virginia Kendall reports:

What is the most cherished document a person could possess aside from his baptismal certificate? A library card, says Bishop John Wright of Pittsburgh, "... because it is a symbol which entitles me to the best things of this world, next to the Faith itself."

The importance of public libraries is recognized in a new California law which guarantees them "adequate financial support from government at all levels." Libraries, the law states, are a matter of public concern.

Facts found in the 1960 AMERICAN LIBRARY DIRECTORY (R. R. Bowker) reveal the upturn in the fortunes of this country's libraries, still too few for the size of the reading population. Of more than 90 million dollars a year spent in the U. S. A. for library books, periodicals and bindings, over 42 million is spent by public libraries—an increase of 30 per cent in three years. Also, the number of libraries in the United States (public, college, special, technical, government and armed services) has slowly climbed to the present total of 13,676.

What has accounted for the increase? Experts think contributing factors were the growth of the American educational system, financial help from the Library Services Act, and more and larger libraries in industrial and technical firms.

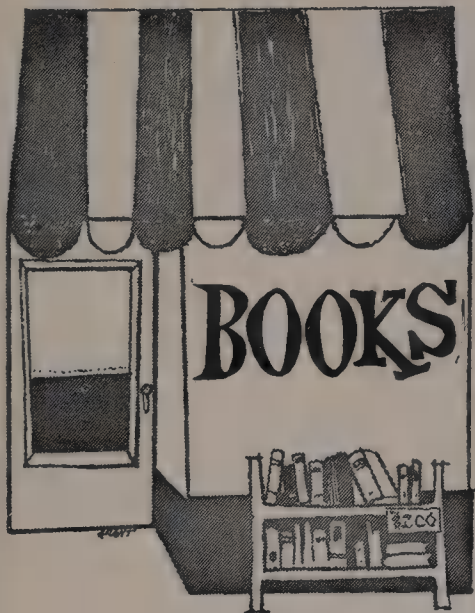
The recent convention of the Catholic Library Association, recognizing the expanding Catholic reading market, emphasized the need for additional Catholic libraries, higher quality reading material,

and more Catholic books in public libraries.

At its convention, the National Catholic Educational Association passed a resolution recommending revision of the 1958 Educational Aid Act so that Catholic schools might be eligible to receive funds to promote educational facilities for science, mathematics and languages.

Citing the present trend, the American Book Publishers' Council optimistically predicts still wider book readership. In addition to booming paperback and textbook sales, hardcover trade book sales last year jumped 34 per cent in the adult field and 30 per cent in juvenile publications. The Council says this shows a "major cultural change" in the United States, "a higher educational level" and a serious search by people for knowledge and understanding through the printed word.

If you're building up a home library with inexpensive paperbacks, you'll want to include Doubleday's excellent new IMAGE BOOK series including such books as THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE MODERN WORLD, by E. E. Y. Hales, A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION, by Philip Hughes, and THE SON OF GOD, by Karl Adam; Bruce's new IMPACT BOOKS due soon: INTRODUCING THE OLD TESTAMENT, by Frederick Moriarty, S.J., and MODERN ETHICAL THEORIES, by James McGlynn, S.J.; Sheed & Ward's CANTERBURY series: GOD AND POLITICS, by Frank Sheed or the Fall titles of SIN, by Walter Farrell, O.P., and THE CATHOLIC AND HIS CHURCH, by Henri de Lubac; ANGELUS BOOKS from Guild Press: GOVERNMENT IS YOUR BUSINESS, by James Keller, M.M., and THE LIFE OF CHRIST, by Abbe Constant Fouard.



Night Music, Sven Stolpe (Sheed & Ward. \$4.50)

Sven Stolpe's new novel (his second to be published in America) leaves the impression of a small group of closely related characters moving about on a stark, but brilliantly lit stage. So successful is the dramatization that at the novel's end one is able to chart the relationships of some 16 characters and recall vividly the personality of each, even of the least. This is more amazing considering the compactness of the book, its complexity, and intricate development.

The story line is simple. Herbert Falk is the prime minister of a small, unidentified country faced with internal Communistic intrigue. He has an invalid wife to whom he has not always been faithful, an idealistic but naïve son, a brilliant and disillusioned daughter.

Falk's chief political opponent is a man whose wife has been his mis-

tress and whose son becomes the companion of Falk's daughter.

In minor roles are a priest who is always too late to do good; a young Communist girl who seduces Falk's son both physically and mentally, and a young girl, a friend of Falk's daughter, who is saved from Lesbianism by a sudden contact with the unexpected realities of religion. The story involves each of them as the central characters face the personal challenges and revelations found in the political situation.

Stolpe's only other novel to receive American publication, *The Sound of a Distant Horn*, was received with a barrage of comparisons. The names of Greene, Mauriac, Bernanos and even Dostoevski appeared in almost every notice and review. *Night Music* evokes the same comparisons, but should go a long way toward identifying Stolpe's own genius.

It is as economical as Greene, but less plotted (though with the same penchant for vague political frames for his action); as subtle as Mauriac, but more brightly lit; as concerned with holiness as Bernanos, but more lucid; as brilliantly diverse in his point of view as Dostoevski, but slighter. Stolpe is a thoroughly European writer—complex, profound and fundamentally theological. His audience in America may remain limited but will be deeply appreciative.

Wrap-up: Stimulating theological novel.

A Distant Trumpet, Paul Horgan (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$5.75)

For his big new novel, Paul Hor-

gan has produced a cast of characters who may feel somewhat uncomfortable in the seedy company of the modern best seller gallery. There's nary a psychotic in the carload, and with the exception of one frustrated young wife they recognize the distinction between right and wrong.

This "daring" approach to the book market may earn for Horgan the criticism that his long, involved, and discursive novel is a frothy good-guys-against-the-bad-guys romance and little more.

In fact, the book is romantic and never profound, but it has about it a consistent ring of truth, a realistic balance of good and evil in its picture of both the army and the Indians, and is a whopping good story to boot.

The central character is Matthew Carlton Hazard, a young officer bound to the army ever since that day when Abe Lincoln put an officer's cap on his young head. His wife, Laura, is from an army family. Her mother is prestige hungry and has pushed and pulled Laura's father into desk jobs (and would like the same for Matthew). And Laura Hazard's uncle is a field officer distinguished for his sympathy with the Indians, unorthodox strategy, and his habit of carrying around the works of Latin authors for reading in dull moments.

Hazard's first assignment is to Fort Delivery, in the Territory of Arizona, on the boundary of Indian country. The time is the 1880's and the problem is the threat of the Indians and the confused strategy and misunderstanding on the part of the army.

Two things stand out in the book. First, the scenes: when Horgan talks of his setting, the Southwest, he is working with his great love, and the land lives in these pages. He gives to somewhat clichéd scenes and stereotyped characters a dimension and interest above their worth.

The second interesting feature is Horgan's program of providing detailed biographies for each of his characters as they enter the story. By some strange quirk, many of his characters are far more interesting in these narrative passages than in the ensuing drama.

A Distant Trumpet is above all else a readable book. And this is a high compliment considering today's output of novels.

Wrap-up: The beauty and romance of the Southwest.

Norms for the Novel, Harold C. Gardiner, S.J. (Hanover House. \$2.95)

Father Gardiner's excellent study of the modern novel and moral values has been issued in a new and revised edition. Casual novel readers as well as students of modern literature will find it a most helpful guide in their reading.

The author has a fine gift for stating abstract moral principles clearly and for finding pertinent examples from recent novels to illustrate a point. He has used some of the most controversial books of the past decade. *From Here to Eternity*, *The End of the Affair*, *The Devil's Advocate*, *The Pyx* and *By Love Possessed* along with numerous others pop up in the book.

In the first part of *Norms*, Father Gardiner establishes the moral principles for judging a book. He discusses whether the morality of the author should be considered in judging a book. He tells why sin should be recognized for what it is and explains the relationship of objectionable parts of the novel to the whole.

Father Gardiner hits hard at naturalistic realism in the modern novel but leaves plenty of room for what he calls idealistic realism as exemplified by Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*.

Wrap-up: New polish on an old stand-by.

Christian Family Finance, William J. Whalen (Bruce. \$2.95)

For those who want some sound, shrewd advice on how to stretch their dollars, *Christian Family Finance* is the book. With the cost of living soaring, most families are looking for ways to trim expenses.

The author is especially convincing on two major points. First he recommends elimination of installment buying. By simple mathematics he shows how people pay up to 24 per cent interest on installment purchases. He advises setting up a family purchase fund which can be used to pay cash.

Secondly, the author demonstrates the sensible way to invest money for the greatest gain over the years. With an annual inflation of 3 per cent it is foolish, he contends, to invest in savings accounts which bring only that percentage of interest each year. Stocks are much sounder, he claims.

The book offers practical hints

on how to save on food and furniture, clothing and cars, taxes and insurance. Here are a few of them:

Driving your car on the highway at 50 instead of 70 will save one gallon of gas in four and be much safer, too.

A housewife can buy 100 aspirin tablets for 17¢ from a mail-order house or a supermarket. She pays 15¢ for a tin of 12 at the drug-store.

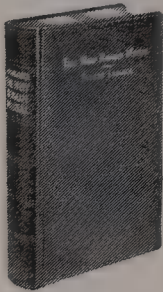
Door-to-door salesmen work on a commission as high as 40 per cent. You can almost always better their price.

The key to automobile buying is understanding depreciation. A new car depreciates between 30 per cent and 40 per cent its first year. The

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Wrap-up: How to keep the family budget in the black.

Confession, by the Community of St. Severin (Fides. \$3.25)

That the confessional is the tribunal of God's mercy is a cliché Catholics have often heard but in fact few have understood. *Confession* works to deepen our understanding of the sacrament of penance. In a concise and clear way it presents the overwhelming theological concepts behind confession.

Confession emphasizes the social aspects of sin. Thus, when we have sinned, we must seek forgiveness in the community of the Church. Such is the deeper meaning of sin and penance.

Confession is not the typical how-to treatise on confessing. It works at a much deeper and richer level to make us conscious of the reality of sin and what it does to God and man. It tells us, too, how God's mercy reaches out to us to forgive our sins.

Wrap-up: Fine treatment of the sacrament of penance.

United for Separation, Lawrence P. Creedon and William D. Falcon (Bruce. \$3.95)

United for Separation is a painstaking, thorough exposé of "Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State."

Authors Creedon and Falcon, with eyes and ears wide open, have examined the endless charges of POAU. The record is illuminating and carefully documented.

Erroneous statements by POAU on medical ethics, private education, Church-State doctrine and Presidential candidates are carefully corrected. Scrupulous research has gone into gathering material for refuting POAU claims.

For instance, Senator John Kennedy writes denying intimidation by Catholic clergy. An official of the American Medical Association wrote the authors that POAU statements about Catholic medical ethics "do not bear close scrutiny, nor can they be supported in fact." The Martin Luther film controversy is put in an entirely new light by a letter from WGN-TV.

A most interesting section of the book deals with the history and leaders of POAU, men not without influence: Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam; former president of Princeton Theological Seminary John A. Mackay, and former editor of *The Christian Century* Charles Clayton Morrison.

United for Separation covers every major religious controversy of the past decade in a clear and thorough manner.

Wrap-up: POAU dissected.

After Nine Hundred Years, Yves Congar, O.P. (Fordham Press. \$4.50)

Father Yves Congar, learned French theologian, has made a major contribution to the mutual understanding of the Eastern and Western Churches in his *After Nine Hundred Years*. The staff at the Russian Center at Fordham has translated this important work into English.

Father Congar's theme is that

the year 1054 formally marked the beginning of the Oriental Schism. However, historical forces had been at work long before this to create the fissure.

Constantinople had become the capital of Byzantium. Charlemagne had created a separate center of influence in France. The Islamic thrust had driven East and West further apart.

Father Congar feels that "the schism lies primarily in the acceptance of the estrangement." The solution, he thinks, to the problem of the separation of the Oriental churches from Rome rests in a positive rejection in the minds of men of the schism.

"Every time we recognize the existence of the East, and the East recognizes the existence of Rome and the West, to that extent, the wound has been healed."

Wrap-up: Background on the schism.

This Is Rome, Fulton J. Sheen, D.D., H. V. Morton and Yousuf Karsh (Hawthorn. \$4.95)

Following the huge success of *This Is the Mass*, Hawthorn has added to the Bishop Sheen and Yousuf Karsh team travel writer H. V. Morton. The result is a superb trip through Rome. It is exactly what the jacket blurb promises: "a pilgrimage in words and pictures."

Bishop Sheen conducts the tour for his young grandnephew, taking him through the Rome of the Caesars, of the Apostles, of the Pilgrims and finally the Rome of today.

Karsh, with his imaginative and

subtle photography, gives you a sense of being with them before the Christian shrines and the pagan monuments. And H. V. Morton in his text follows the relaxed and warm pattern of his popular travel books. His sure touch in giving you balanced doses of history and wry observation is always evident.

Wrap-up: A Roman holiday.

The Catholic Youth's Guide to Life and Love, George A. Kelly (Random House. \$3.95)

Msgr. Kelly, author of *The Catholic Marriage Manual* and *The Catholic Family Handbook*, now takes on a monumental task: the guidance of teen-agers. His how-to book for the Elvis Presley-Pat Boone set is a Catholic 'Twixt *Twelve and Twenty*.

Msgr. Kelly writes out of the solid Catholic moral tradition. His book is, nevertheless, frank, down-to-earth and easy reading.

The author shows he understands teen-agers, presenting a sympathetic picture of the problems of the adolescent youngster. He handles the emotional, psychological and physical changes that occur and explains the proper attitudes toward them.

It is in the practical areas of "How to Make and Keep Friends," "How to Be Safe on a Date," "Marry or Stay Single?" "Do you Have a Religious Vocation?" and "Dating Non-Catholics" that Msgr. Kelly shines. His years of parochial experience are neatly blended with the theoretical background of a trained social worker.

Wrap-up: Fine fare for Catholic youngsters.

The Communion Breakfast Is a Sacred Cow

Who has not sat weary-bottomed from listening to a boring speaker at a Communion breakfast and asked himself: Isn't there a more effective way to engage in Catholic action or express Catholic solidarity?

Who has not poked at his cold scrambled eggs and puny piece of ham, wondering if the hard-earned money he paid for his Communion breakfast ticket might not have been put to better use for the Church?

Communion breakfasts have achieved sacred cow status in American Catholic life. No Catholic organization's religious program is complete without one. Indeed, many societies and clubs consider their annual Communion breakfast *the* big event of the year. The time and energy Catholics spend on them must surely match the zeal Christendom's early apostles used in spreading the Faith.

Too often Communion breakfasts are extravagant wastes. Tired, unimaginative, stereotyped rituals—they lack zip, purpose and direction. From the fruit salad to the peroration of the final speaker, the Communion breakfast a a “religious” event is a complete cypher.

“It gets people to the sacraments, doesn't it?” the argument for them goes. So does Easter duty. Besides, experience shows that most Communion breakfasts are attended by people who frequent the sacraments anyway.

“Communion breakfasts offer an opportunity to address a large specialized gathering of Catholics on a subject that will enlighten them,” is another point raised in their favor. But the talks often have little to do with the profession or trade of the group addressed. And a restaurant, school hall or hotel dining room is scarcely the atmosphere to move or instruct.

Important and urgent subjects such as Communism and juvenile delinquency which second-rate speakers have worn

threadbare on the breakfast circuit are presently quarantined as acceptable topics.

What Communion breakfast audiences really want are jokes (which along with good food are scarce.) A comedy routine would be in line if the affair were billed as a pleasant social get-together. But sponsoring organizations believe they are making a major contribution to apostolic life no matter what quality affair they schedule. Then, having sponsored the breakfast, the Catholic group goes back to sleep for another year. Next year another speaker—or three or four—will be invited to repeat the same routine.

Some questions need to be asked about Communion breakfasts. Does your breakfast serve any worthwhile need? Would some other type of religious program be more effective? Are there not some local social problems like race relations, slum housing, aid to the aged, or summer camps for the underprivileged that could better attract attention and financial assistance? Could not the Catholic group undertake some program to help a mission in an underdeveloped country?

Granted that it is good for Catholic groups to receive Holy Communion in a body, could they not put more imagination into their breakfast program? Rather than have a meeting where Catholics are talked "at" for two or three hours, why not have members form small groups at the meal to discuss some specialized project? Then each group leader could report the findings of his section along with a specific action decided upon. In this way the horrible passiveness of the Communion breakfast, relieved only by the reverential rising for the clergy, could be eliminated.

As Communion breakfasts are now conducted, they frequently miss the mark and degenerate into boring, monotonous gag sessions. Catholic organizations which build their activities around them ought to make an agonizing reappraisal. There are better ways of winning the world for Christ than washing down cold eggs with weak coffee and listening to long-winded speeches. Discussing and doing accomplishes much more than sitting and listening.

K. A. L.

How should parents act when a child calls attention to the faults of priests and Sisters? Occasionally a child will report, for instance, that Sister lost her temper in school or a teen-ager will claim he saw one of the parish priests driving through a red light.

My experience with parent discussion groups taught me many valuable lessons—one of which is that my theological training does not qualify me to give detailed advice on the rearing of children. So please take these considerations in the spirit in which they are offered.

One way to handle the situation is simply to deny that the youngster is telling the truth: "Father would never do a thing like that!" Even if it worked, such an approach would be either naïve or basically dishonest. Knowing human nature, parents can hardly doubt the possibility of common failings in *anyone*. Besides, it insults a child to be rashly accused of telling lies about people.

Another reaction almost as objectionable as an outright denial is for parents to hush up their children at any mention of weaknesses seen in priests and Religious. In the parents' eagerness to pass over the embarrassing remark, they are missing an opportunity to teach their children how Christians should treat this problem.



JOHN ZIEGLER, C.S.P., S.T.D.
DIRECTOR

Youngsters must learn sometime that persons dedicated to God in the cause of religion are still human and capable of sin. Children must learn to show mercy, to make allowances for the apparent faults of others—and I am thinking particularly of that Sister in her crowded classroom. They must learn that just as there are family secrets, there are matters touching the reputations of those outside the family about which they are to be silent.

*Please send all questions on religion and morals to:
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180 Varick Street, New York 14, N. Y.*

But, as adults can testify, these lessons do not come easily to anyone. The "rules" must be patiently explained—not merely commanded—if youngsters are ever to grasp them.

Naturally, children must see these lessons lived if they are ever to follow them. If at times parents find themselves dismayed by the critical attitude of their children, shouldn't they ponder their own off-hand remarks about priests and Religious? Seeds of scandal are easily scattered around the dinner table. They are not so easily uprooted from youthful minds and hearts.

Our doctor has informed us that our father has cancer and has only a few months to live. We have never told him the exact cause of his illness and apparently he does not realize that his case is hopeless. Now and then he asks, "Am I ever going to get well again?" Should we give him reason to think he will recover? Or should we tell him the truth? I should add that he was anointed some time ago and receives Communion regularly.

Since everyone has the duty to prepare for the crucial moment of death, everyone has the right to be told that the time has come to make this preparation. It is wrong to give a person who is incurably ill false hopes of recovery to the extent that he neglects to take care of his temporal affairs—for example, the making of a will—and, above all, fails to prepare himself for death.

If it is quite clear that a dying person is already well prepared for

death, he need not—unless he sincerely wants it—be given more information than that he is dangerously ill and may not recover. The practical impossibility of his recovering, the estimate of how long he has to live, and the nature of his illness do not, in every case, have to be made known to him.

The advisability of volunteering this further information will depend especially on whether or not it will help the person make a better preparation for death. Being told he has cancer can create such anxiety in an individual that he is less able to sanctify his last days on earth than if he did not know the exact nature of his ailment. If his doctor and family believe such information would be detrimental to him, they may withhold it. A similar decision could be made about telling a person the approximate length of his life.

It seems that your care for your father's happiness, both here and hereafter, has led you to do the right thing. He has been made sufficiently aware of his condition so that he has received the sacrament of Extreme Unction. He is receiving Communion regularly, which gives him the chance to go to confession to the attending priest.

Further, you are not being untruthful when you reply as you do to his question about recovering, because you judge—and rightly, I think—that he is not seeking a more definite answer from you. In the course of a lingering illness, most of us would ask such a question whether we knew all the facts about our condition or not.

If ever he wants to know the

entire truth about himself, you will undoubtedly be able to recognize the seriousness of his request. Share with him then your realization that God will call him soon.

This is not likely to come as a complete surprise to him, because in spite of our efforts not to speak too much of death around a dying man, the person himself usually senses quite well what we know about him. And it may be that your father will spend his last days even more devoutly once he is certain that his time is near.

Isn't it slightly ridiculous for someone who has committed the same mortal sin over and over again to promise God he won't do it even once more? And yet he can't make a good confession unless he has this purpose of amendment.

A resolution to avoid sin is just that—a resolution, not a prediction or a prophecy. It is possible to be determined here and now to do everything in one's power to avoid some habitual sin and at the same time have a well-grounded fear of not succeeding.

Based on his past experience, the fear of a person in this frame of mind is very real. He fears that when tempted again—if he makes no more effort than he has usually made—he will fall again. He is afraid then of his own weakness, which he realizes all too clearly is not suddenly going to leave him.

Is he therefore resolving to do the impossible—which would truly be ridiculous? Not at all, because he can be firm in his hope that God

will supply the grace for a successful effort the next time.

Often, we think hope is but a mere desire for God's help. In reality, Christian hope is a firm conviction, based on God's promises, that He *will* give us enough grace to avoid offending Him.

Of course, you can say that God has been providing grace all along—and look at what this poor person has done with it! But this is just the point of his purpose of amendment: now he is resolved to do *his* part. After resolving to use what means are necessary to break the habit, he should set out to overcome it day by day. Peering too far into the future will only discourage him.

One of the greatest sources of unhappiness in my life has been envy of those better off than I am. If in heaven others receive a greater reward than mine, won't I still be envious there?

Envy of others begins with discontent over our own lot. Most of us can recall moments when we were so happy with what we had that it didn't occur to us to resent the happiness of others or to make comparisons between their good fortune and ours.

Each person in heaven is completely happy. He wants for nothing. He has all the joy of which he personally is capable. Knowing that others have by their lives on earth made themselves better able to enjoy God bothers him not at all. Rather, he finds great satisfaction in knowing how happy everyone else is.



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A Fine Catholic Magazine

The number of Catholic magazines that come our way each month is truly phenomenal. Most of them are sponsored by mission groups, each one telling in his own way the needs and problems they encounter in their particular field. Too many of them, however, are rather poorly done and hence have little or no appeal. We feel there is too much duplication in the Catholic magazine field thus reducing an otherwise tremendous potential.

One magazine that consistently catches our eye and has a fine record for excellence is **INFORMATION** magazine edited by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle, better known as the Paulist Fathers.

The magazine truly lives up to its name. Its objective is to scan the picture of the Catholic church in American life.

Thumbing through the pages of any issue quickly reveals that this Catholic magazine is well planned and put together. The day this monthly arrives is one of the highlights on the calendar.

The magazine deserves much wider circulation. It is now well over 50,000. Catholic study groups would do well to place a magazine of this caliber in public libraries. It belongs in Catholic homes, school and parish libraries as well as Catholic hospital carts. It costs \$4.00 a year and is printed at 180 Varick Street, New York 14, New York.

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